

The Pageant and Masque of St. LOUIS

Forest Park
St. LOUIS MO.
May 1914



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The Book *of* Words
of
The Pageant and Masque
of Saint Louis

The Words of the Pageant by
THOMAS WOOD STEVENS

The Words of the Masque by
PERCY MACKAYE



SECOND EDITION

Published by Authority of the Book Committee
Saint Louis Pageant Drama Association
1914

THE PAGEANT.

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THE MASQUE.

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P R E F A C E .

This historical pageant and the following civic masque were prepared under the authority of the Book Committee of the St. Louis Pageant Drama Association, organized to present the Pageant and Masque of St. Louis in Forest Park on May 28-31, 1914, in celebration of the 150th anniversary of the founding of St. Louis.

The general procedure in both cases was outlined or approved by the Committee, which selected the historical episodes to be used in the Pageant, and supervised the general preparation of this book.

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PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

The demand for this book, consequent upon the great success of the production in Forest Park, has led the Executive Committee to issue a second edition.

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Joseph Solari, *Assistant Stage Director.*



THE PAGEANT OF SAINT LOUIS

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

In Order of Entrance.

FIRST MOVEMENT.

A High Priest.
A Young Chief.
A Hunter.
Hernando De Soto.
A Sachem.
A Calumet Bearer.
A Medicine Man.
A Boy.
Father Marquette.
Louis Jolliet
Robert Cavelier La Salle.
A Voyageur.
Henry de Tonty.
Mound Builders, Indians, Hunters, Spanish and French
Explorers.

SECOND MOVEMENT.

Auguste Chouteau.
A Boatman.
Joseph Taillon.

A Missouri Chief.
Pierre Laclede.
Louis St. Ange de Belle Rive.
Captain Francois De Volsey.
Judge Joseph Lefebvre.
Joseph Labusciere.
A Settler.
Gov. Pedro Piernas.
Father Gibault.
Jean Baptiste Trudeau.
Raymond Quesnel.
Gov. Fernando de Leyba.
Madame Rigache.
Louis Coignard.
Charles Gratiot.
Pierre Chouteau.
Meriwether Lewis.
Capt. Amos Stoddard.
Carlos Dehault Delassus.

Indians, Settlers, Trappers, Spanish, French, English
and American Soldiers.

THIRD MOVEMENT.

William Henry Harrison.
James Wilkinson.
John F. Riddick.
Aaron Burr.
Pierre Chouteau.
William Clark.
Gov. Edward Coles.
Thomas H. Benton.
Marquis de Lafayette.
Capt. David B. Hill.
Private Moore.
Mayor William Carr Lane.
Alexander Bellissime.
James B. Bowlin.
Wilson McGunneagle.
Col. Thornton Grimsley.
Col. A. B. Chambers.
Mayor Bryan Mullanphy.
Richard Spotswood Blennerhassett.
Dr. Sykes.
Col. Alex. W. Doniphan.

Hunters, Trappers, Pioneers, Indians, Farmers, Citizens,
Soldiers, Immigrants.



FIRST MOVEMENT

[The stage is set with trees and with a few dwellings of a moundbuilder village partially concealed in the foliage.

At the right of the stage is a partially constructed mound; on the top of this a fire, burned low.

Enter, as the overture closes, the High Priest and two acolytes, coming up over the mound from the back.]

THE HIGH PRIEST

The fire — the fire sleeps.
Blow away the ashes, my brothers,
That the smoke may rise upward,
And the cloud manitous be not angry.

[As he speaks, the two acolytes kneel and blow the fire till the smoke ascends.]

Smoke of our fire,
Speak for us to the cloud manitous — speak for us.
Bid them let fall the sweet rain
That the corn may grow green in our fields,
For we are their children.

[To the acolytes.]

Stay, my brothers.
Make the smoke talk to the far off lodges;
Make it carry our sorrow to the mounds;
The mounds that are beyond the Great River.
Make it say to the people that we cry aloud

That we weep for our chief, who was wise, who was
brave, who was strong —
For our chief is dead.

[The acolytes work over the fire with mats, making
the smoke rise in intermittent puffs.]

The High Priest makes lamentation, calling the
people to the mound.]

Ohè, Ohè, Ohè!
Our chief is cold — he is dead.
Ohè, Ohè, Ohè!

[The people come in, gathering around the foot of
the mound, beating their breasts and crying out with
the Priest. Others come in bringing the implements
of their daily work.]

THE PEOPLE

Ohè, Ohè, Ohè! Our chief is dead.

[The various craftsmen of the tribe set about their
work, weaving upon looms, making pottery, chipping
flints, scraping hides, and the like.]

THE HIGH PRIEST

The earth, my children,
Bring hither the red earth,
Heap high this mound where our chief shall sleep.

[The people bring earth in baskets, coming up in
single file to lay it on the mound.]

The High Priest chants.]

The earth — the red earth, my children,
Heap it high, that the spirits of the dead may
be glad,
That the earth-gods may dance in the darkness,
That the river manitous may not tear at our graves
when they are maddened with the floods of spring;
The earth, the red earth, my children.

[The chant is broken by a sound of wailing and the
beating of tom-toms behind the mound, and a new
group enters in procession, bearing the dead chief to
the summit. They bring the dead chief's possessions
and range them around the body. The people wail and
beat their breasts; the High Priest stills them.]

Manitous of the earth, of the river, of the cloud,
And thou, Master of Life,
Hear now the death song of our chief.

[As he chants the death song, the people bring earth
in baskets, and heap it around the dead chief.]

He is as the bare tree in snow time.

As the trodden leaf

He is withered,

As the fallen branch

He is broken:

Hear now his death song.

There is no lodge where his bow shall hang —

Only the lodge of the dead,

In the smoke of the dark caverns,

In the cold night;

Hear now his death song.

[Enter, from the left, crossing the stage at a run, the
Young Chief and two Hunters. They have bows, and
carry on their shoulders fresh buffalo skins. They
pause near the mound and call to the people.]

THE YOUNG CHIEF

Hearken, my brothers!

The buffalo — they feed along the plain of the sun-
set.

We have heard. We have seen. We have slain.

[They throw down the skins.]

Behold the hot pelts we have taken.

We have run hither that our hunters may follow
them with arrows.

[There are loud cries from the people — “The buf-
falo! Take Bows!”]

THE HIGH PRIEST

[Standing between the Young Chief and the dead man.]

Stay my children.

Set not your feet to this hunting.

Toil on in the good red earth,
That the mounds may lift their heads above your
fields,
And the manitous be not angry,
And the dead sleep sound.

THE YOUNG CHIEF

He is old, my brothers.
His feet are heavy for this hunting.
But we have seen the land black with the herds
against the sunset.
We call you to the trails and the feasting.

THE HIGH PRIEST

The corn will ripen if the fields be guarded,
But the lodge of the hunter is empty when the snows
break around it.

THE YOUNG CHIEF

The fields are for women.
Let them gather the corn. Let them grind it in
winter.

THE HIGH PRIEST

This hunter is young. He is the son of a chief.
I am old. And each year the buffalo graze nearer
the Great River.
Let the young chief command you.
But first let him stand here on the mound
Where I stand.

[He moves aside, showing the body of the dead chief.
The Young Chief comes up the mound. As he stands
beside the body there is a pause; then the High Priest
uncovers the head of the dead man. The Young Chief
cries out as if struck, and falls beside the body.]

THE FIRST HUNTER

[Speaking from below.]

A man lives or he dies.
Shall the herds pass onward and we still be hungry?

THE PEOPLE

Take bows! To the hunting!

THE HIGH PRIEST

Call now on your Chief.

Let him lead you.

[The Young Chief rises and draws himself up to speak.]

THE YOUNG CHIEF

You shall go to the feasting,

But I — I will not lead you.

[There is a great shout, and the men of the tribe troop off. The Young Chief stands looking straight before him; the High Priest crouches, watching them go.]

THE HIGH PRIEST

The hunters go out — the young men,

And the mounds are left alone.

THE YOUNG CHIEF

Even so.

And the mounds, at the end of this hunting

Shall lift their heads no higher.

It is the way of our people.

It is the will of the Master of Life.

[The High Priest falls in a heap at the feet of the Young Chief. The women come up bringing earth, which they cast over the body of the dead man. When the women go down from the mound, the other figures have disappeared and the top of the mound is empty. The women take up their looms and household affairs and go off, following the men. The dwellings of the mound-builders disappear, and for a moment the stage is clear.]

Enter a group of Osage Indians. Some of them carry poles, and set up tepees; others go over and inspect the mound, curiously; still others kindle fires, while the cooks bring water from the lagoon, going down at the extreme right of the stage. The center is occupied by a group of Indian children, who start

games in front of the wigwams, shouting lustily at their play; they are scattered for a moment by the passing of a medicine man; some of them follow and mock him, and all resume their play when he has gone into the lodge.

Enter a party of hunters, returning from the chase with rabbits, wild fowl, and deer. The cooks immediately set about preparing the feast.

Two runners enter from the right, going to the tepee of the chief. Trumpets are heard, and the Indians troop to the back of the stage. Enter, from the right, De Soto and his command; they come on above the mound, and swing down toward the audience, center, the chiefs going up to meet them, the women and children running away. De Soto gives to the chiefs presents of colored cloth, etc.

He then holds up to them certain objects of gold and silver, at which the Indians show great curiosity. He inquires by gesture whether they have such metals. They shake their heads; De Soto and his officers show grave disappointment.

One of the Spanish captains comes forward and beseeches the commander to give up the search and turn back. He pauses, and they draw away from him; he bows his head, deciding to give up the expedition and return. He calls out the priests and carpenters, and commands that a cross be set upon the mound; this is immediately done, the priests stand by the cross, and a litany is sung, the soldiers responding and the Indians standing with upraised arms. De Soto mounts his horse and orders his army to march; they pass around the mound and off to the right. The Indians return to their tepees.

As soon as the Spaniards are gone, the chiefs and medicine men call all the people of the village, beating drums and shouting. The Calumet Dance is begun, proceeds for a time, and is interrupted by warning shouts from the mound, where watchers are stationed. A messenger enters from the left, and delivers to the chief of the village a red war-belt. The dancers scatter. War whoops are heard from the right of the stage, and a smoking arrow falls and stands upright in the center. The chief calls to his warriors, and they rush forward, armed with bows and axes, and begin the War Dance, which is interrupted by the appearance of the

enemy. The men of the village discharge their arrows against their foes, and then rush upon them as they appear in full view. The people of the village are driven back, almost to their tepees, when the medicine men lead a group over the mound and into the midst of the invaders, who take fright and are driven back. The tribes-men pursue them out of sight, and then fall back for council.

Enter a deputation of the enemy, bearing aloft a Calumet and white peace-belts. The Indians sit in council, the Sachem of the village speaking first.]

SACHEM

You came with bows and axes. The roads were closed. Now you come with the white peace-belt and the Calumet. You ask us to open the roads. We are not children. No.

CALUMET BEARER

[Chief of the deputation from the enemy.]

We came with arrows because your braves have hunted in our lands.

SACHEM

All lands are our hunting grounds. The Giver of Light has made for the Osage all the hills and the forests and the rivers, so far as his feet may tread.

CALUMET BEARER

Yet our people must have food, or they die. If you will not open the roads, we will burn up your tribes with the fire of our anger.

[He lifts the peace-belt to throw it down.]

MEDICINE MAN

[Coming between them.]

I have heard your speaking. I have slept and the Manitou has made for me a dream. Far to the snow and the setting sun there is good hunting. Far toward the summer and the flowing of the river is good hunting. Let us open the roads, but let us divide the lands.

CALUMET BEARER

Is this true talk — this dream from the Manitou?

MEDICINE MAN

It is true talk.

CALUMET BEARER

Will you stay here, or go on to the snow and the sunset, that the roads may be open?

SACHEM

We will stay here with our green growing corn.

CALUMET BEARER

We will not open the roads —

MEDICINE MAN

Let the Giver of Light speak to us. I will cast mine axe, and the Manitou will make it fall as he wills.

[The others nod, and the Sachem whitens one side of the axe; the Calumet Bearer marks the other side with crimson; the Medicine Man tosses it high in air; all watch its flight. The men of the village nod and grunt their approval of the result.]

CALUMET BEARER

We will go on to another hunting ground. Let the roads be open.

[He puffs the Calumet and passes it to the circle; the peace-belts are exchanged, and the Calumet Bearer leads his people sadly away. For a moment the council smokes in silence. Then a boy runs in and stands before the Sachem.]

SACHEM

Speak, young runner with face against the south wind.

THE BOY

Canoes, on the great river. Two canoes. Pale faces — seven pale face men. Their paddles dip in the stream. They are Manitous.

SACHEM

I have heard of these pale faces.

THE BOY

One of them is a Black Gown.

SACHEM

From the northern country comes word in the spring; to the Black Gown all roads are open.

[The Sachem comes down to the water's edge, and the people of the village crowd around him, waiting and watching.

Marquette and Jolliet enter in canoes, Marquette coming first; he speaks with the Sachem, and then, over his shoulder, to Jolliet.]

MARQUETTE

I am welcome?

SACHEM

I thank thee, Black Gown, and thee, Frenchman, for the labor of your coming. Never shone the sun so tenderly as to-day; never rustled the corn so pleasantly as now, since you are with us. Our river, which was so angry at the rocks that chafed it, flows calm and silent, since the canoes of the white men have passed. Black Gown, thou art beloved of the Great Spirit. Ask him to cherish me and my people.

MARQUETTE

My prayers shall be said for your people.

SACHEM

We have heard from the north of the greatness of the Manitou. Make thy dwelling with us, that we may learn to know him.

MARQUETTE

[To Jolliet.]

They are eager for the teachings of the Cross. Shall we not remain?

JOLLIET

We may not stay, father. The journey is long before us.

MARQUETTE

God be with you and bless you, my children. I will return. I will bring you my faith—I and my brothers. But now we must go on. Farewell.

SACHEM

Farewell to thee, Black Gown.

[The canoes move on, the eyes of the Indians following them. As they pass from sight the Sachem steps closer to the shore; then he folds his arms, and the people go back to the tepees, slowly, leaving the Sachem alone. He stands for a moment, then follows the others, and disappears inside his tepee.]

Enter a new group of Indians, laden with furs; some of them lead horses bearing packs.

Enter, in canoes, La Salle and his party; there are fifty-four in all, Frenchmen and Indians. They disembark, a number, however, remaining with the canoes. Some of them bargain with the Indians, buying the furs and taking them to the canoes. La Salle walks apart with Tonty. A group of the Frenchmen approach La Salle, their hats in their hands. A Voyageur speaks for the group.]

VOYAGEUR

We are come to ask, does the Sieur de la Salle intend to go further down the river?

LA SALLE

He does.

VOYAGEUR

The river is filled with dangers. No Frenchman has lived to follow it to its end. There is a great water-fall —

LA SALLE

I have heard these tales before.

VOYAGEUR

The trade is good here, and to the northward.

LA SALLE

We go on, to the South.

VOYAGEUR

The Sieur de la Salle speaks for himself. We are afraid.

LA SALLE

You have nothing to fear, save my anger.

[Others have gathered behind the Voyageur; their demeanor at this becomes more openly rebellious.]

VOYAGEUR

It is not just. We must look to our own lives. We dare not go on.

LA SALLE

Do I not command here?

TONTY

No man may question the authority of the Sieur de la Salle.

LA SALLE

You ask me to turn back. You are afraid. The wealth of these rivers is ours for the taking. These lands are ours for the claiming. For this I have waited, and planned, and fought. Do you think I will turn back because my boatmen are afraid?

VOYAGEUR

Our lives are our own. We will not go on.

[La Salle turns and faces them, drawing his sword.]

LA SALLE

Frenchmen, our lives are in the service of the King.

We go on a voyage of glory, to claim for him this river and all its tributaries, to win for him an empire. I will not turn back, now nor hereafter. I will follow this river to the sea — not for myself, not for you who go with me, but for France. Long live the King!

TONTY AND OTHERS

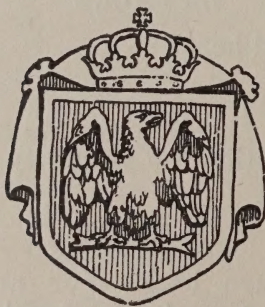
[Who have gathered behind him.]

Long live the King!

LA SALLE

Forward!

[The Voyageur and his followers face La Salle for a moment, then their heads drop, and they take up their packs and return to the canoes, La Salle going last; the canoes move on and disappear at the right of the stage.]



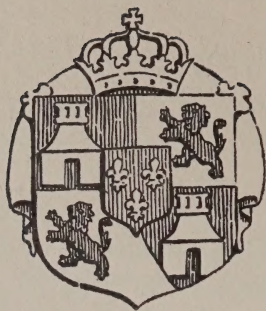
THE PROPHET

[Appearing before the Medicine Lodge at the right of the stage, high up against the great tree-trunk. It is now sunset.]

Great Manitou, whose camp-fire now burns low,
Hark to my speaking. Call thy children home,
And paint their faces with thine onward fire,
And lead them down the war trail to thy rest.
For lo, the smokes of all our villages
Blow westward, and the hungry snows fall deep
Upon our hunting grounds. And green Mondamin
He of the corn-gift, loves us now no more.
The Black Gown held his calumet aloft,
And we knelt down. We loved him well. He passed,
And in the end his magic too passed on.
For strong pale men with thunders in their hands
Came after him. Their eyes were filled with dreams
Of rich far places we had never found,
Beyond the blue horizons. They were brave.
They shouldered us aside, and made new trails
And all the manitous of hill and cloud
Crouched to their spells, and breathed their medicine.

Great Manitou,
Thy vision flames within me, and I see
Into the west our nations trooping slow,
And here our council places desolate.
The paleface rears in stone his mighty lodge
And sets his town upon the crossing trails.
His totem changes, but as beavers build
To stand against the floods of spring, so he
Makes stronger with each year his thunder-house.
And I, O Manitou, I set my face
To thine, and follow thee, into the night.

[The Prophet disappears.]



SECOND MOVEMENT

[A boat appears at the right, towed by men with cordelles. Young Auguste Chouteau stands in the prow.]

CHOUTEAU

This is the place, men. Make fast.

[They make fast the ropes.]

A BOATMAN

What place, Monsieur Chouteau?

CHOUTEAU

The place where Monsieur Laclede blazed the trees.
Here we are to take the goods ashore.

[The crew at once sets to work to unload the boat, Chouteau directing them. As the packs are landed, the men set up canvas and board shelters over them; this work progresses as the dialogue is spoken.]

TAILLON

[Coming up to Chouteau.]

Monsieur Auguste.

CHOUTEAU

What is it, Taillon?

TAILLON

Monsieur Laclede has sent us here. He has told us to take from you his commands. We do so. You came with him before. We wish to ask what is to be done here. Is it here Monsieur Laclede will have his settlement?

CHOUTEAU

Yes.

TAILLON

And build his house?

CHOUTEAU

Yes.

TAILLON

And why in this place?

CHOUTEAU

He has examined all the land from Fort Chartres to the Missouri. Ste. Genevieve will not do. It is too far from the Missouri, and there is no place to store the goods.

TAILLON

But here is no place to store the goods.

CHOUTEAU

Monsieur Laclede said to me, "Auguste, go to the place where I blazed the trees. Clear the ground. Build a large shed for the goods, and cabins for the voyageurs. I give you two men you can trust, who will help you very much. I will come soon." That is what he told me. Taillon, you are one of those two.

TAILLON

My respects, Monsieur Chouteau. We will do as you command.

[He turns to the work, and they raise the side of a large shed; Chouteau watches them for a moment, looking down stream expectantly.]

CHOUTEAU

Ah, Taillon — Monsieur Laclede comes!

[Taillon joins Chouteau; Laclede appears in a canoe, two voyageurs paddling.]

TAILLON

Monsieur Laclede comes!

[The men crowd back of Chouteau and Taillon as Laclede lands; they doff their hats and bow.]

CHOUTEAU

You are most welcome, sir.

LACLEDE

[Looking at the sheds and work done.]

Well done, my lad. Taillon, the work moves. My friends, in a little while the English will come to take the land across the river. You are all loyal subjects of France. I have chosen this place that you may still be her subjects, in the hope that our village may become considerable hereafter.

[A general murmur of applause from the men.]

You come here willingly, gladly?

[General assent.]

I pledge you what I have, and the good will of our company, for your prosperity. Taillon, Marcheteau, Kierceraux, Deschamps — what will you choose to do in our village?

TAILLON

Monsieur Laclede, they are all for trading with the Indians, and growing rich.

LACLEDE

Some must build the houses, some must plant the corn, and some must run the mills.

TAILLON

So I have said. I am a miller, I, Joseph Taillon. But to grind flour I must have grain. There must be farmers. Look you, Monsieur, this will not be called your settlement, Laclede's town — no. It will be called Paincourt — short of bread.

LACLEDE

No, my friends — we will give it another name. A name deep in the hearts of you Frenchmen who come here.

[He takes out a map and spreads it before him.]

Look you, here is the plan of my city — for this shall come to be a city in good time. Here is the public square, the *Grand Place*. Here is the street of the church, high up, on the hill. Ah, you shall see it, my friends — the houses and the towers, the people going about their business, the boats with their cargoes along the river's edge, the steeples and the bells swinging on the Sabbath day. Our city — and we shall name it Saint Louis!

[The men take up the words in a low shout, "Saint Louis!"]

And now — to your work.

[They return to their building, and he goes over to Chouteau.]

Here you will have them begin my house. I will come back soon.

[He goes back to his canoe.]

Goodbye, Auguste.

CHOUTEAU

Au revoir, father.

[As Laclede disappears, the Indians — Missouris — enter from the left, coming down and surrounding the men eagerly. Some of them start to set up tepees. The Chief, with a group of braves, approaches Chouteau, who is evidently disturbed, but stands his ground.]

MISSOURI CHIEF

You come to live on our lands?

CHOUTEAU

This is Monsieur Laclede's land.

MISSOURI CHIEF

What you give us?

CHOUTEAU

I give you nothing. Monsieur Laclede will deal with you, when he comes.

[As they stand speaking, a brave tries to steal a blanket from the packs; Chouteau sees him, shouts at him, and drives him off; as Chouteau turns back, a group of squaws comes up on the other side, whining and begging.]

CHOUTEAU

If you want anything, you must work, as we do.

[The squaws nod assent, the braves turning indignantly away.]

Here, Taillon, bid them help you in the digging of the cellar; we will give them some vermilion when they have done.

[The squaws begin work carrying earth out of the cellar, as the settlers set up the house; the braves and children are continually trying to steal from the packs, and are continually chased away by the men.]

Enter a group of settlers, right; they see the Indians, and draw together closely, calling to Chouteau.]

A SETTLER

Is this Laclede's settlement?

CHOUTEAU

Yes, Monsieur.

[They consult together, gesturing toward the Indian tepees.]

Will you not make camp with us? Monsieur Laclede would welcome you.

SETTLER

We will not come while the Missouris are here. No.

[The settlers go back as they came. The Indians again crowd around Chouteau, begging. He and Taillon are hard put to it to keep them from carrying off the goods. Re-enter Laclede. The Indians fall back as he approaches, and the Chief steps forward.]

MISSOURI CHIEF

Father, will you not sit in council with us, for we wish to make our village here with you.

[Laclede nods, and the Indians sit in council, Laclede and the Chief in the center.]

Father, we are your children. We are your hungry and homeless children. We are worthy of your pity. We are like the wild fowl that seek for open water, where they may rest from the storm. We have wandered in many places, but here is the place we like best. And here we have chosen to make our home, with you.

LACLEDE

My children, when you followed the wild fowl to the open water, you followed bad guides. For in the open the eagles can best find you, and swoop upon you, and devour you.

MISSOURI CHIEF

Our father will protect us from the eagles.

LACLEDE

You Missouris will not be eaten by the eagles. But you must know that at Fort Chartres are seven hundred warriors who are your enemies. They wait to fight the English. But if they learn that you are here, they will come and destroy you. I can not help you. If you would not have your women and children torn to pieces, if you would not be slain, you warriors, you will not follow the wild fowl, but listen to men who are wise. Go back to your old places. I will give you powder and lead that you may hunt on the way. I speak to you as a good father, but I can not save you from your foes.

MISSOURI CHIEF

Father, our ears have been open. Have pity on our women and children, and give them a little corn. We have heard your wisdom and we will go back to our old villages.

[Laclede beckons; Taillon and Chouteau bring out some sacks of corn, red cloth, and bags of powder and bullets. The warriors take the gifts. Chouteau then calls the squaws from the cellar, and gives them each a little vermilion. The Indians take up their belongings and depart, the warriors going first, the women following with the camp equipage.

As the Indians disappear Laclede comes down right to greet Madame Chouteau, who comes in with her children in a cart. She is followed almost immediately by a group of settlers and their families, including those who entered before and withdrew on account of the Indians. As Madame Chouteau comes forward toward the center of the stage, Auguste sees her, and with a glad, boyish cry, runs into her outstretched arms. Together they go into the house which has been set up, While the settlers busy themselves with their encampments and the building of their houses.

A chime is heard, and while it rings the people set the scene for the coming of St. Ange.

As the chimes cease to ring, drums are heard, and a company of twenty French soldiers enters; they swing up stage, and halt near Laclede's house. Enter, following them, Captain St. Ange, with Judge Lefebvre, Notary Labusciere, and other gentlemen, followed by their servants. Laclede steps forward and welcomes them.]

LACLEDE

We are most happy in welcoming you to Saint Louis, Captain St. Ange.

ST. ANGE

And we in coming, Monsieur Laclede. We have given up Fort Chartres to the English, and now throw ourselves on your hospitality.

LACLEDE

You do us much honor.

CAPTAIN DE VOLSEY

[To St. Ange.]

Where will you make your headquarters, sir?

LACLEDE

In my house, sir. I will be satisfied with nothing less.

ST. ANGE

I accept your favor with gratitude, sir.

[Captain de Volsay returns to the soldiers.]

LACLEDE

[To settlers who have entered.]

My friends, Captain St. Ange has come to set up his post here. You will henceforth be under his protection, and I trust that you will, as I do, make him and his men heartily welcome.

[Cheers from the settlers.]

ST. ANGE

My friends, I thank you. In the way of my duty, and for myself personally as well, I am yours to command.

LACLEDE

We have, sir, nothing in the form of a civil government in our village. Will it please you to act as Governor, as well as Commandant?

ST. ANGE

My authority is purely a military one.

JUDGE LEFEBVRE

[Coming forward.]

Your authority, sir, I venture to maintain, in the absence of any other representative of the King, is what you choose to make it.

ST. ANGE

What offices do you need of me?

LACLEDE

I have ventured to allot certain lands, and these our people should have granted them by government.

ST. ANGE

[Turning to Lefebvre.]

Is this within my power?

LEFEBVRE

Certainly, sir.

TAILLON

It would be much to our comfort, Monsieur le Commandant, if you would give us written lines for our home places.

ST. ANGE

If I must act as Governor, so be it. But I must have advice. I will appoint you, Judge Lefebvre, you, Monsieur Labusciere, and you, Monsieur Laclede, as my council.

[The three named bow low.]

TAILLON

And our lands — shall we have writings for them, from the government?

ST. ANGE

Surely. Labusciere, make ready the grants for my signature.

[Labusciere bows.]

LACLEDE

And, Monsieur Labusciere, make out first among them a grant of the land where you yourself choose to live.

LABUSCIERE

Gra'merci. And second, Monsieur Laclede, I will give you the plot where your house stands.

[Laclede bows. Captain de Volsay comes forward and salutes, reporting to St. Ange.]

ST. ANGE

Attention!

[The soldiers fall in line. St. Ange draws his sword; the others uncover their heads. The Captain hauls up a French flag in front of Laclede's house. The soldiers fire a salute. The settlers cheer. Ranks are broken, and the settlers mingle with the soldiers, while St. Ange, Laclede and the others go into the house.

Again the chimes are heard.

While the chimes sound, a number of settlers come in, and buildings are set up; the movement of the people, as in the preceding scene, is gay and happy.

A man lands from a canoe, and goes hurriedly to Government House; others follow him, listening; a messenger comes running out of the house and off in search of Labusciere. Then one by the door cries out, "The Spaniards are coming!" The cry "The Spaniards!" is echoed about the stage; children run to their parents, and the people take on a watchful, alarmed expression.

Labusciere comes hurrying toward the Governor's house.]

A SETTLER

[Stopping Labusciere.]

Is it true that the Spaniards are coming?

LABUSCIERE

It is true that the Commandant has orders to surrender the post when they do come.

SETTLER

And what will they do? Will they drive us away?

LABUSCIERE

We know nothing about it. But in New Orleans our people have resisted and been shot down. We want none of that.

SETTLER

No violence — we must yield.

LABUSCIERE

Give them what is lawfully theirs — no more.

[He goes toward the house, but meets St. Ange coming out].

Is the Spanish Governor coming today?

ST. ANGE

Yes. Have you the records — the grants?

LABUSCIERE

[Tapping his green bag.]

All here, and in order.

[There is a distant sound of martial music. St. Ange and his officers wait at the landing, the people crowding sullenly behind him.

Enter, in a large boat, Governor Piernas, who steps ashore. St. Ange steps forward and bows stiffly; Piernas returns the bow.]

ST. ANGE

Have I the honor of addressing his Excellency Governor Piernas?

[Piernas bows.]

I am instructed, your Excellency, to deliver to you this post of Saint Louis. By your leave, we will haul down our flag and make our adieus.

PIERNAS

I must pray you, sir, not to be in haste.

LABUSCIERE

[Stepping forward.]

Your Excellency, I beg to deliver to you the records of the village in due order, as they have been kept by me. I am Labusciere, the Notary.

PIERNAS

[Taking the packet.]

I thank you, sir. May I inquire what record this packet contains?

LABUSCIERE

Your Excellency, it contains all legal proceedings of a civil nature since Monsieur Le Commandant came here, five years ago. It contains also the grants of land Monsieur St. Ange has recorded.

PIERNAS

I am instructed to rely in all things on the advice of Monsieur St. Ange. My first official act must be to confirm all grants made by him. My next, to invite him to remain here during his good pleasure.

LABUSCIERE

Your Excellency, we are overjoyed!

ST. ANGE

I have grown old in the service here. There is no place I love better than this. I am at your service for the future. And now, sir — our flag?

PIERNAS

My friends, how can I begin to govern till we have become acquainted? Still, — at your pleasure.

[The French flag comes down. Laclede steps forward.]

LACLEDE

Your Excellency, I beg the honor of offering you the hospitality of my house. I am Monsieur Laclede.

[A servant brings out a tray with glasses.]

PIERNAS

Sir, I look forward hopefully to your friendship.

[They drink solemnly to the Spanish flag, which is run up before the house. The slaves unload the Governor's luggage, and all go in, as the chimes sound. During the chimes, many new settlers come on, and new buildings are raised, among them the Church, and the stockades at left and right of the stage. As the bells cease the foliage drops from the towers and they are left as watch towers at the ends of the fortifications. In the stockades, right and left, are gates.]

Enter a religious procession, singing, with Pere Gibault bearing the sacred objects for the dedication of the new Church. The people kneel as the procession passes, and many follow into the Church.

Enter Trudeau and his school, fifty or sixty boys, all studying their lessons at the top of the voice; whenever one stops reading aloud, Trudeau whips him. A couple of Spanish soldiers pass the school, and some of the boys follow them, mocking them; to this Trudeau pays no attention. The soldiers turn to chase the boys, and Trudeau faces them as if unconscious of any insolence; he then goes off, driving his school before him.

As the group goes up stage, an old fisherman, Quesnel comes in through the gate, running and panting, and breaking through the school, hastens to the Governor's house. He is stopped by the sentry. Governor De Leyba comes out, assisted by a negro servant.]

QUESNEL

Indians, your Excellency! They are coming down upon us. The English are with them. Ducharme is leading them.

DE LEYBA

Where did you see them?

QUESNEL

Across the river.

DE LEYBA

Nonsense — there's no danger — no danger whatever.

QUESNEL

I pray your Excellency to give the alarm, and call out the soldiers.

[De Leyba turns away from him.]

We shall all be killed — we shall all be killed!

DE LEYBA

Take him inside. There are no English in the Illinois. I am sick of these tales.

[The soldiers take Quesnel into the house. The people come out of the Church, scattering merrily,

many with baskets going out through the gates to pick berries. Madame Rigauche appears, shepherding her school of little girls.

There is a sound of distant firing; a pause; then another messenger comes bursting through the gate, crying out.]

MESSENGER

Indians! To arms!

[The people stream back through the gateway, running for their lives. Governor De Leyba comes out, ordering the drums to be beaten and the soldiers to fall in. He is still half carried by his friends. Lieutenant Cartabona draws up the troops, and De Leyba tells them off in squads to the right gate, to the watch-towers, and to the stockades.

The fugitives still come in through the left gate; firing is heard from the left, and distant war whoops.

Citizens with muskets, gather to the defense of the north gate [left]. They drag up a brass cannon and mount it just above the gate; this cannon is fired as rapidly as possible during the fighting. After the first volley is fired by the defenders of the gate, the Indians, trappers and English soldiers are seen beyond it, alternately firing and running up. The conflict centers about the gate and the stockade just above it.

Governor De Leyba orders the gate closed. The people are about to obey him when another fugitive staggers through wounded; at this the people refuse to close the gate, but set themselves to its defense. The struggle for the gate becomes more desperate, the fire from without being much heavier than within. A rush of the assailants drives the defenders back, and the cannon is, for a moment, deserted; Indians are seen at the stockade, clambering over to take the cannon.

At this instant Madame Rigauche appears, wearing a man's coat, and carrying a musket. She advances to the stockade; the people shout loyally and rush forward to renew the struggle; the Indians retreat, some of them being killed and falling inside the stockade. The cannon is re-taken, fired again, and the enemy driven back; the fire outside lessens; the English are heard sounding a retreat; the people, with a great shout, close the gate; as they do so, Governor De Leyba falls fainting and is carried into Government House.

The chimes. While the bells are heard, numbers of new settlers come in; a new Governor enters from the river with his little retinue; and the rejoicing of the people over their victory sinks away to the every-day current of affairs.

Enter from the right, the Sans Culottes Society, led by Coignard. They begin to sing the Marseillaise; some carry tricolor banners, and many wear Phrygian caps; they move across, singing.

A Spanish officer with a detachment of soldiers comes out of Government House, goes directly to the group and arrests Coignard and two others. They are immediately taken to the river, put in boats, and rowed away down the river; the others of the Sans Culottes disperse, a small group of the bolder spirits following after the officer and singing a mocking refrain from the "Chanson de L'Annee du Coup." All this action is swiftly accomplished, and is little more than a momentary interlude, the chimes sounding again immediately.

While the bells are ringing, new settlers come in, many of them Americans, woodsmen from Kentucky, and farmers from Illinois. As the bells cease, a man goes up from Government House and nails a large proclamation on the Church door. The people crowd to read it, among them Charles Gratiot, who comes down stage triumphantly after seeing it. Pierre Chouteau, coming in from the Indian country with a number of men bearing packs, calls out to him.]

PIERRE CHOUTEAU

Mr. Gratiot! Gratiot!

GRATIOT

Please don't stop me, Pierre. There's great news.

PIERRE CHOUTEAU

What is it?

GRATIOT

The Americans are taking possession. The post is ceded.

PIERRE CHOUTEAU

You call that great news? Are you not a Frenchman, Gratiot?

GRATIOT

I was born French, but by conviction I am a republican, and a citizen of the United States. That I hold better than to be of French blood and a Spanish subject, sir. Mark me, this will be the beginning of a great prosperity for us.

PIERRE CHOUTEAU

I hope it may prove so.

[He goes on.]

[Enter Meriwether Lewis.]

GRATIOT

Ah, Mr. Lewis. Your expedition will not have to wait much longer. The river will now be open.

LEWIS

Yes, Mr. Gratiot, Captain Stoddard is crossing to-day.

GRATIOT

Who acts for France?

LEWIS

Captain Stoddard has authority from M. de Laussat.

GRATIOT

The Governor has given notice to the people.

[He points to the crowd reading the notice; the people regard it sullenly.]

I fear they do not understand.

LEWIS

They have known for months that the place was to be transferred. There will be no difficulty.

GRATIOT

They have known, sir, but they have not rejoiced. That means they do not understand.

[Enter Captain Stoddard with his troops; Lieutenant Worrell draws them up at the left of the stage, and waits. Captain Stoddard salutes Captain Lewis, and

greets Gratiot. Enter, from Government House, Governor Delassus and his officers.

Captains Stoddard and Lewis, with a guard of eight men, approach the Governor and deliver documents. The citizens gather about, and Governor Delassus addresses them.]

DELASSUS

People of Upper Louisiana: By the King's command, I am about to deliver up this post and its dependencies. The flag under which you have been protected for six and thirty years is to be withdrawn. From this hour you are released from the oath of fidelity you took to support it. The faith and courage with which you have guarded and defended it will never be forgotten. And as the representative of his Most Catholic Majesty, I entertain the most sincere wishes for your future prosperity.

[The people take off their hats and bow in greeting and farewell. He turns to Captain Stoddard.]

Be it known that I, Don Carlos Dehault Delassus, in quality of Lieutenant Governor of Upper Louisiana, at the requirements duly made by you, sir, deliver to you the full possession, sovereignty and government of Upper Louisiana, with the military posts, quarters, and fortifications thereto belonging.

CAPTAIN STODDARD

And, I, Amos Stoddard, as sole agent and commissary in behalf of the French Republic, do acknowledge myself to have received the said possession, on the terms mentioned, of which I acknowledge myself satisfied.

[The Governor and Captain Stoddard sign the documents; a signal is given and a salute fired from the fort, as the Spanish flag comes down and the French goes up. Many of the people move up toward the fort, greeting the flag with upraised arms.]

GRATIOT

Captain Stoddard, you can not know what it means to our people to be again under the flag of France. To you it is only the duty of a day. To them it is the air of home. They are all exiles, some of them born of fathers and mothers in exile. This flag speaks to them of the land many of them have never seen — of France. You see them move closer — to be under it. There need be no haste, sir, in your duty. Let it remain for a little while. Let them rejoice under it. They will be the better citizens of America — tomorrow.

STODDARD

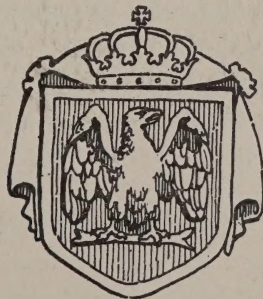
I am entirely willing to do as you ask, Mr. Gratiot.

GRATIOT

You hear that, my friends. The American Captain will not change the flag for a little while.

[The people cheer, music begins, and they dance, the whole village putting on instant festivity.]

As the festival dance comes to an end, Captain Stoddard again gives a signal, and the French flag flutters down. The Spanish soldiers march down stage and off to the right, the American troops marching up to take their place. The American flag is run up, and Gratiot steps forward and calls for cheers. These are given heartily by the soldiers, but without enthusiasm by the people, who return quietly to their houses, leaving the stage clear.]



THE WATCHMAN

[Appearing on the stockade, at the left of the stage.]

Now stand we on the battlements of Time.
Look backward, and we see the wilderness
Slowly, with dauntless courage, pierced and known,
The trails blazed out, the rivers charted clear
And all the secret forest ways made plain
To the pale fathers and the voyageurs.
The Frenchmen came and 'stablished villages
Where life flowed simply, singing as it flowed.
The Spaniards brought their flag and held the land,
Serenely governing what they never loved.
But here — but here — another dawn uplifts
A newer day. Far-reaching eyes be ours
And high prophetic light and utterance.
For the new nation takes the maiden land
Triumphantly as youth would clasp a bride
And laughing with indomitable joy
Swings wide the door, and lights his welcoming fires
And calls his people from the whole wide world.
Behold, they come, with resolute, eager march
To fell the forests, plough the prairies deep
Build cities, toil, and feed the ageing earth.
Look forward now, with these unfaltering men,
These women with the calm courageous eyes,
These pioneers. Behold your city pass
(Her life above these strifes and mockeries)
Toward the grave states of peace and brotherhood,
The dawning vision of her destiny.

[The Watchman disappears.]



THIRD MOVEMENT

[The action begins with the Lewis and Clark Expedition, which sets out in a keel boat and two pirogues. These boats come in from the left, take on Lewis and some others, and go out the way they came, Captain Stoddard bidding them farewell. As they go out of sight covered wagons drawn by oxen come in from the left, and cross the stage, pausing now and then. Captain Stoddard salutes General William Henry Harrison, who comes in from the left. General Harrison then turns and goes back to the left, where, in the foreground, he meets a delegation of Sauk and Fox Indians, and holds council with them; in this he is assisted by Pierre Chouteau and other leading traders. General Wilkinson arrives and Captain Stoddard turns over the post to him. Up stage considerable parties of hunters and trappers, Kentucky pioneers, pass, stopping for various goods.

General Wilkinson greets Aaron Burr, and presents him to certain of the leading citizens, who receive him coldly. Burr proceeds down the river in a ten oared barge, the General seeing him off and going back to Government House. More of the hunters and trappers pass, some of them pausing to water their horses. Keel boats come up the river, and their freight is transferred to wagons, which go on to the westward. The old French type of dress is rapidly disappearing, the various American types taking its place; some of these are hunters, some farmers, and some gentlemen in black or plum colored coats. Many wagons pass, each with its troop of settlers, many of them walking beside or behind the vehicle; also a few carriages with ladies, accompanying wagons loaded with household gear.

New buildings are erected, until the stage assumes the look of a square surrounded by business structures.

Signs appear on the fronts of some of the buildings. A news-boy appears, crying the Missouri Gazette. The settlers who pass are now nearly all farmers, and represent various European nationalities as well as the Eastern and Southern states.

John F. Riddick appears on horseback, just returned from Washington, and announces that he has in his saddle bags a copy of the Congressional order giving the unclaimed lands to the public schools; at which a group of girls and boys cheer lustily, and with them the old schoolmaster of the French regime, Trudeau.

After this the procession becomes fairly continuous, as the light fades, boats along the river moving with the crowds of people and the lines of white-covered wagons. A sound of a loud whistle from the river draws the people down to the levee to welcome the first steamboat, the General Pike, which comes to dock with a great noise of clanking engine and escaping steam, a group of darkies singing on the deck. As they sing, the stage gradually clears, and the boat moves on into place at the left of the stage as the chimes are heard.

The bells ring gaily, as if in celebration, and the people in holiday attire pour into the streets. A messenger rides in from the right, shouting.]

MESSENGER

Lafayette is coming! General Lafayette is coming!

THE CROWD

[Shouting.]

Lafayette!

[Governor Clark, Governor Coles, and Mr. Benton come out and speak with the Messenger.]

GOVERNOR CLARK

Where is General Lafayette?

MESSENGER

He's landed at Carondelet. He's coming this way, Governor.

GOVERNOR CLARK

Will you come with me, Governor Coles, and you, Mr. Benton? It shall be our privilege to welcome him.

BENTON

A privilege we shall be sharing with the whole city, sir, unless we go to meet him. After you, sir.

[The three go out solemnly, arm in arm, the people standing aside to let them pass.]

As they disappear, a band is heard playing, and Captain Hill enters, leading his militia company, the Marions. The men are variously uniformed; some are armed with rifles, and some with sticks and umbrellas.]

THE CROWD

The Mary Anns! Hurrah, here come the Mary Anns!

[There is much loud laughter and shouting. The company is put through its manual, with much friendly advice from the crowd.]

CAPTAIN HILL

Attention, Company. Gentlemen, General Lafayette, the great apostle of liberty, is coming.

[He pauses to take snuff, nervously.]

You must prepare to salute General Lafayette, the great apostle of liberty.

[More snuff.]

Attention, Company.

[He looks them over critically.]

All you in roundabouts or short-tailed coats, take the rear rank. All you in long-tailed coats take the front rank.

[The men change places, while the Captain takes snuff; again he inspects them.]

Now all of you who have sticks or umbrellas in the front rank, change with those having guns in the rear rank.

[The exchange is made.]

We must present an appearance, gentlemen. And remember to cheer all together — welcome Lafayette.

[From the end of the line Private Moore steps forward one pace.]

MOORE

Capt'ing, O Capt'ing, I say, Cooney Fox is priming his gun with brandy.

[He steps back and he and the third man thrust the accused Cooney Fox forward.]

CAPTAIN HILL

I'll be consarned if it isn't a scandalous shame to be guilty of such conduct right in the presence of General Lafayette — at the most important moment of a man's life, and when he is about to salute General Lafayette. If it warn't for General Lafayette, I'd put you under arrest — I'd —

[The Captain is interrupted by shouts of "Here he comes!"]

Present Arms!

[The two Governors and Mr. Benton come back, escorting General Lafayette, who rides in a carriage. The crowd sweeps across in front of the Marions. The carriage stops. The crowd shouts in unison.]

THE CROWD

Welcome Lafayette! Welcome Lafayette! Welcome Lafayette!

[General Lafayette steps from the carriage. Dr. Lane, the Mayor, stands forward from the crowd on the left; behind the Mayor are some little girls, carrying baskets of flowers.]

DR. LANE

To you, sir, our city of Saint Louis offers its most heartfelt greeting. We count ourselves fortunate indeed to pay what tribute we may to your glorious services to the cause of liberty in America — to freedom and order in France. We need not remind you that this city was founded by Frenchmen, and that even to-day you are here doubly among your countrymen.

[At the close of the Mayor's speech, the little girls go forward and scatter the flowers before Lafayette.]

LAFAYETTE

I am deeply moved by what you say, sir, and by this welcome which everywhere is mine — these open arms of America. I know it is for no merit of my own that you raise arches and strew flowers before me, but because I was an officer — I may even boast, a friend — of Washington. And now it makes me very proud, as I journey through this broad free land, to remember that I gave some service to the making of it, some comfort in the hour of its need. And by that service I shall, I hope, ever be numbered among your countrymen.

[As Lafayette ceases to speak, Old Alexander Bellissime comes forward, holding himself very erect; he wears the uniform of the French troops who fought under Lafayette at Yorktown. The band plays the Marseillaise. Lafayette turns and looks intently at Alexander; the old man salutes; Lafayette steps forward swiftly and embraces him. The crowd cheers. Lafayette stoops, picks up a flower, and fixes it in the veteran's cap. Alexander salutes again, turns with an effort, and marches proudly away; the band changes to Yankee Doodle.

Colonel Benton steps forward.]

BENTON

The ladies and gentlemen of the city, sir, have prepared some entertainment in your honor. They wait to welcome you.

LAFAYETTE

I cannot too highly praise, sir, the spirit of their hospitality.

[Lafayette bows; a number of ladies and gentlemen are presented, and the entire party sets out for the ball, the ladies and gentlemen of the city, in a gala procession, following the guest and his escort. As the procession passes off, the chimes ring again.

New buildings are now set up, the market and business buildings closing in the levee.

While the bells are ringing, groups of immigrants

come in; the people in the dress of the last episode disappear, and the fashions of 1847 supplant those of 1825.

[The Committee appointed to welcome the volunteers back from Mexico meets informally on the levee.]

MR. BOWLIN

Gentlemen, I protest against waiting longer. All we want is to give the men who fought in Mexico the heartiest welcome in our power. I say, don't let the business grow cold, while you wait for the last boat to come straggling back with the last man.

McGUNNEGLE

I know you have your speech ready, Mr. Bowlin —

BOWLIN

I am not speaking personally, Mr. McGunnegle. But if I am to welcome them, I'm not the man to do it a week too late, when the emotion of the hour has passed.

COLONEL GRIMSLEY

It's not only the men, Mr. Bowlin — it's the guns.

McGUNNEGLE

Colonel Grimsley, I agree with you. Your parade will be vastly more impressive with the captured guns in the line.

[Enter Mr. Chambers, the Secretary of the Committee.]

COLONEL GRIMSLEY

And the standards, Mr. McGunnegle! There's a black flag taken from the Mexicans at the battle of Sacramento —

McGUNNEGLE

In a word, gentlemen, we must wait. The City Council has voted us money for the celebration, and we must not spend it prematurely.

CHAMBERS

Haven't you heard, gentlemen? The Mayor has vetoed the order.

THE COMMITTEE

What's that? Vetoed the money!

CHAMBERS

It's true. Mayor Mullanphy has vetoed the order.

McGUNNEGLE

You hear that, gentlemen. What's to be done?

CHAMBERS

He says we must raise the fund ourselves.

COLONEL GRIMSLEY

What else could you expect of Bryan Mullanphy.

Mr. McGunnegle, you are chairman of this Committee. I move you, sir, that this Committee undertake to raise the necessary funds, and that the Mayor be told to go to the devil.

ALL

Aye, aye.

McGUNNEGLE

The ayes have it. Mr. Secretary, will you at once make public this action of the Committee.

[Chambers bows. Enter Mayor Mullanphy.]

CHAMBERS

Here he comes, gentlemen.

[Exit Chambers.]

McGUNNEGLE

Mr. Mayor, as chairman of the Committee appointed to receive the men of Battery A on their return, I am informed that you have vetoed the Council's order setting aside money for the celebration.

MULLANPHY

You are correctly informed, Mr. McGunnegele.

McGUNNEGLE

And what do you mean by it, sir?

MULLANPHY

What do you mean by asking? It is my duty to decide what shall be done officially.

McGUNNEGLE

Then, sir, as chairman of this Committee, I have to inform you that you are not invited nor expected to take any part in the welcome to the volunteers, and that your place on the Committee has been otherwise filled.

MULLANPHY

I'm obliged to you for letting me off.

[Enter Blennerhassett, with a paper in his hand.]

BOWLIN

[To Mullanphy.]

We regret this step, sir —

BLANNERHASSETT

Gentlemen, I've a good word for you. I've a subscription here for half the money we need for the celebration.

[General applause.]

McGUNNEGLE

There, sir. That shows someone cares that the men who have fought and bled for their country shall not lack a welcome. It may not be official, Mr. Mayor; it may not be in the line of any man's duty, as he sees his duty, but it comes from the heart.

BLANNERHASSETT

Wait a moment, Mr. McGunnegele —

McGUNNEGLE

I am speaking for the Committee, Mr. Blennerhassett. The Mayor understands us perfectly. Now sir, who gave you the subscription?

BLANNERHASSETT

I'd like mightily not to tell you. It was — His Honor, the Mayor.

[The Committee is much taken back.
Dr. Sykes enters hastily, from the right.]

SYKES

Great news! The "Pride of the West" is docked. Captain Hudson and the guns are aboard.

COLONEL GRIMSLEY

The guns! The parade must start. Gentlemen, to your posts!

[Grimsley mounts his horse and rides off, right.]

McGUNNEGLE

Your Honor, I hope our misunderstanding is at an end. I regret our hasty action, sir, more than I can say.

MULLANPHY

[Taking his hand and slapping him on the shoulder.]

I wish Blennerhassett had kept still.

[A band is heard at the right; children and citizens troop in, many carrying flags. The parade enters, the band leading; the Mayor and the Committee fall in behind the band; then the military escort [the Grays]; then the Battery. The crowd cheers wildly, waving arms, hats and flags in the air. The Battery halts before the speaker's stand, left center. McGunnegele presents Bowlin and Senator Benton, the crowd still cheering. Benton raises his hand for silence.]

BENTON

Colonel Doniphan and officers and men: You have marched far, and done much, and suffered much. A year ago you left home. You return with trophies from fields the very names of which were unknown until revealed by your enterprise, illustrated by your valor, immortalized by your deeds. History has few such expeditions to record. A thousand miles to the conquest of New Mexico; from thence, across the long and lofty chain, the Cordilleras — without orders — to the rich and powerful city of Chihuahua; as far as from Paris to Moscow, through hostile country, and a desert whose ominous name is The Journey of the Dead. A perilous enterprise. No matter. Danger and hardship lent it charm. You moved forward, and the battle of Sacramento, one of the military marvels of the age, cleared the road to Chihuahua. Then the long march to Monterey. Ragged and rough and ready, you arrived in General Taylor's camp.

[Cheers.]

You asked for service — to move upon the halls of the Montezumas. You made your great march without orders, but, without knowing it, you were fulfilling orders which never reached you. Happy the soldier who executes — happier he who anticipates — command. The cannons rolled out of Chihuahua to arrest your march now roll through the streets of Saint Louis to grace your triumphal return. And now let boundless honor and joy salute your return to the soil of your state, to the bosom of your families.

[Cheers. The crowd calls wildly for Colonel Doniphan, who comes to the stand.]

COLONEL DONIPHAN

Fellow citizens, I speak only for my men. These guns, these standards, are all we have to say. But I would have you remember that there is no credit due to me, that I do not share with all my officers; nor to us as officers any honor that we do not share with every man who went along. Our fortune has been splendid, but so has the loyal devotion of our fellows. Friends, we are glad. We are home. We thank God.

[The crowd cheers again, and the procession starts, the people following the Battery and leaving the stage clear. For a moment the chimes sound.

A group of German citizens from the preceding scene enters, singing a verse from "Die Acht-und-viertziger." They come down stage and wait. Another and larger group enters from the right, laden with boxes, satchels and bundles. The first comers run forward to greet them, embracing them excitedly, all speaking at once in German. When the moment of greeting is over another group enters, marching and singing "Das Treue Deutsche Herz," [or other song of the time].

At the close of the song they go off into the city, the first group helping the new arrivals.

Chimes again sound, and stop suddenly.

Excited groups of citizens enter, and lights are seen flashing past windows of the houses. A crowd gathers swiftly, men for the most part, in the dress of 1860. From this point to the close of the Pageant, music is heard continuously.

Enter a torchlight procession, bearing banners and transparencies, and, toward the end, a picture of Lincoln. The crowd in the streets stands sullenly aside, some shaking their fists at the marchers. An angry murmur rises as the picture moves along. The pro-

cession passes from sight. The music changes, and the people crowd to the left, where a newspaper bulletin, illuminated by torchlight, is seen.

From this focal point spreads through the crowd and the city the tidings from Fort Sumter; and when the action of the excited crowd permits, groups of young men are seen departing from the two sides of the stage—northward and southward. The music changes to the Battle Hymn of the Republic, and bodies of Union troops are seen marching across and to the South, singing.

There is a pause in the music as they pass from sight, and women's voices are heard in the distance, at the right, singing Dixie.

They cease, and the sad lines of wounded and prisoners are brought in, nurses and the men of the Sanitary Commission working among them.

Again the mood of the music changes, and the people gather by the newspaper offices. An exultant note creeps in, and then the news of peace is sounded, and the people, with flags and flowers, make momentary festival.

The music ceases, the lights disappear.]



THE MASQUE OF SAINT LOUIS.

PERSONS AND PRESENCES IN THE MASQUE*

PERSONS

1. SPEAKING PERSONS

CAHÓKIA (I).

Mississippi (I).

Saint Louis, the Child (I).

The One with the Lions

The One with the Lilies

The One with the Cross

} Discoverers (I).

*As here used, Persons symbolize forces of geography and history past and present;

Presences symbolize forces of nature and imagination.

The Roman Numerals signify that the Persons and Groups appear in Part I or Part II of the Masque. If they appear in the Prelude, or Interlude, the same is indicated in brackets.

SAINT LOUIS, the Youth (II).

The Pioneer (II).

Gold (II).

Europe (II).

War (II).

Poverty (II).

Washington (II).

New York (II).

San Francisco (II).

Chicago (II).

New Orleans (II).

Denver (II).

Honolulu (II).

} Spokesmen of the
League of Cities.

2. CHORAL GROUPS

The River Spirits (I).

The Latin Nations (I).

The Mediæval Church (I).

The Pioneers (II).

The Earth Spirits (II).

The World Adventurers (II).

The War Demons (II).

The Dark Pageant (II).

3. PANTOMIME PERSONS

The Pioneer Wrestler (II).

The Tourney Rider (II).

The Brooding Child (II).

4. PANTOMIME GROUPS

Pioneer Wrestlers (II).

Earth Spirit Wrestlers (II).

Europe (II).

Africa (II).

Asia (II).
 Australia (II).
 The Ocean Islands (II).
 The Knights (World Adventurers) (II).
 Cities of the Rivers (II).
 Cities of the Lakes (II).
 Cities of the Eastern Sea (II).
 Cities of the Western Sea (II).
 Cities of the Mountains (II).
 Cities of the Islands (II).
 Group of the Federal Capital (II).
 Cities of South America (II).
 Cities of Canada (II).
 Cities of England and Europe (II).

PRESENCES

1. SPEAKING PRESENCES

WÁSAPÉDAN, The Great Bear (I, II).
 Imagination (II).

2. CHORAL PRESENCES

[SINGLE]

Hilóha — The Element of Heat (I, II).
 Noohái — The Element of Cold (I, II).

[GROUPS]

The Wild Nature Forces (I).
 THE STARS (I, II, Interlude).

3. PANTOMIME PRESENCES

[SINGLE]

The Life Spirit (Interlude).
 The Eagle (II).

[GROUPS]

Spirits of the Mound Builders (Prelude).
Elves (I).
Will-o'-the-Wisps (I).
Dryads (I).
Fauns (I).
Spirits of the Years (Interlude).

CHORAL SONGS

Chorus of the Wild Nature Forces (I).
Star Chorus to the Great Bear (I).
Chant of the River Spirits (I).
Hymn of the Latin Nations (I).
Star Chorus of the Climbing Years (Interlude).
Chorus of the Pioneers (II).
Chorus of the Earth Spirits (II).
Chorus of the World Adventurers (II).
Dirge of the Women in Dun (II).
Star Chorus of the World Builders (II).





THE SCENE

The immediate foreground is a wide band of water curving backward with symmetrical sweep and disappearing behind foliage.

Beheld across this water, the foreground of the stage is a vast plaza-space between two high towers.

At centre, from the water's edge, wide steps of stone ascend to the stage's level.

In the middle-ground, at centre, rises a flattened mound, to the level top of which rough steps lead up from the plaza. Rising from this mound-top level, steps mount to the entrance of a roofed shrine in semi-ruin. In this is a door with stone lintel. Above the roof is sculptured a huge semi-circular symbol in stone.

From the plaza at equal distances to right and left, two lesser mounds rise bare.

In the background the façade of a great temple with two side wings (Mayan in architecture) shuts off the horizon. In these wings are gates of two wide entrances to the plaza. Near the top of the façade, along its full length, runs a stone jut, like the top of a cyclopiian wall.

Shrine, temple and towers resemble, in their architecture and carvings, the ancient Aztec and Mayan relics of Central America, in type Egyptian.

All the foregoing features of the scene, however, are invisible when the Masque begins, and are only gradually revealed by mystic lightings during the early course of the action.

THE PRELUDE

[Cahókia's Dream]

Out of complete darkness mysterious music rises, prelusive to the appearance of a visionary scene on the plaza.

There, before the central mound, (as the music continues, descriptive) Spirits of the Mound-Builders perform the ceremonies of a prehistoric ritual.*

Dimly seen, in the darkness of the vast stage, is an ancient temple of the Maya civilization — a concrete expression of the religion of the great race of red men of Yucatan and Central America. The temple is to some extent a replica of the famous CHICHEN ITZA, one of the greatest masterpieces of architecture of this wonderful period of art in the Western World.

Into the scene comes a great procession, suggesting the symbolism and imagery of the race:

Heroes and gods — priests and priestesses (dancers) and musicians walk solemnly across the great plaza before the temple — a brilliant spectacle, exotic and unique, flooded in the warm glow of sunset light.

While priests perform a ceremony at the altar in front of a great mound, above which towers the shrine of the temple, groups of men, boys and girls give expression in dance to religious inspiration and embodiment of strength and grace; and when the climax of the dance is reached, the vision fades — the lights grow dim, night steals on, and only the glow of the altar fire remains.

*The ritual is here described in the words of MR. JOSEPH LINDON SMITH, whose imaginative artistry has devised its pantomime and dance in the Saint Louis production.



THE MASQUE

PART I

Now in total darkness the mood of the music, changing, sweeps to a wild burst of brass and wood-winds, mingled with rolling thunder.

Simultaneously, as from mid-air, appear from tops of the towers two vast male figures, vaguely illumined — Hilóha and Noohái, the Elements of Heat and Cold.

From Noohái — sculptured all of ice — gusts of snow and sleet fall, flurrying. The other, Hilóha, carved as from flame, is swathed in cloud, through which sharp lightnings flicker.

From both these elemental figures bursts a great choral cry — each answering each through thunder — and the voice of each is as a male choir, crying “Cahókia!”

At their cry, a shaft of lightning reveals Cahókia plucked out of darkness on the mound below. Risen from behind the ritual smoke, he appears there a colossal masked form, garbed like an Aztec Indian priest, seated alone before the temple-shrine.

Below him, mysterious, half-seen, at foot of the mound — crouched on its farther sides, and lurking in the dark background — brute-headed forms of the Wild Nature Forces move and mingle with glimmering limbs of savages.

Cahókia sits with lifted face.

Illumined intermittently by storm-flashes, he raises his arms and answers the cry of the Elements.

THE ELEMENTS

Cahókia! — Cahókia!

CAHÓKIA

Hilóha, Hilóha, Noohái!
Eternal fire, eternal cold,
I feel you, and defy.

THE ELEMENTS

Cahókia! Cahókia!

CAHÓKIA

Ai-ya! Alone —
Alone above the desert hemisphere
I rise from out my temple mound
And 'wait the coming world.

THE ELEMENTS

Cahókia!

CAHÓKIA

Hearken, Hilóha! Wind of fire!
Hear me, Noohái, Lord of cold!

[As he speaks, the memories he describes are made visual by flitting vistas of scenes, illumined momentarily on the night background.]

Ten thousand moons, I reigned. Ten thousand moons
My vanished people piled these mounds
'Mid prayer and sacrifice — for me,
For me, their father and their sagamore.
And here I blessed their rites with social arts
And solemn festivals.
Till all their mounded homes were hives of song
Stored with wild honey of the earth and stars. —
Ai-ya! Where hive they now? On golden dawns
Who hears their seeding-song and harvest hymn?
Ai-ya! Their thousand moons
Are ashes, and my empire is a dream.

THE ELEMENTS

Cahókia!

CAHÓKIA

Hearken, Hilóha, Noohái!
You now who mock me
You have destroyed them,
My people! — Out of your icy
Caverns, Noohái, you loosened
The billowing herds of your bison
Over my cornlands, and wallowed
My beautiful gardens. — Hilóha,
You, then, you in your flame-cloud
Rose with your rivers, and flooded
My broken hives and my ruined
Temples. Ai-ya, my people!
Where are the tribes of Cahókia?
Lo, where the trails of twilight
Hide them, naked and scattered,
Luring them backward — backward
Deeper in primal darkness,
Masking with brutes, and mating
In lairs of the jungle. Lo, now,
They have forgotten their lordly
Arts and the songs of my altar —
All their great brotherhood. Yea, now,
They have forgotten Cahókia,
Me — me, their father!

[Below him, from the dim, crouching forms, breaks
a low choral cry, mingled with wolf-barks, whinnying
noises of beasts, and the far war-yells of savages.]

THE WILD NATURE FORCES

Póoloo-poolóo-nool!

CAHÓKIA

Hark where they call now
Gods of their chaos!

THE WILD NATURE FORCES

Tée-hooklerráh-tee!

CAHÓKIA

They have forgotten me!

[Amid gusts of screaming wind, Hilóha and Noohái
on the high towers renew their lightning and thunder
and hailing snow.

From below, the dissonant chorus rises harsher.]

THE WILD NATURE FORCES

Yásca soomóohan
Noohái!
Póoloo-poolóo-nool
Hilóha!
Wássoo shaháyygan
Tée-hooklerráh-tee
Noohái!

CAHÓKIA

O Night, and barking voices of wild fear,
Cry to your chaos!
Strike me, Hilóha! Freeze, Noohái!
Still I defy you!
For still I dream — and wait;
And watchful dreaming overcomes the world.

A thousand moons — they are a thousand sparks
Blown from the kindled pipe of dreaming Time.
Around his brow the cloudy incense curls,
The clay bowl belches, the red lavas glow,
And ashes darken as the dreams are born —
The dreams are born and rise from ruined worlds.

Ai-ya, my people departed!
Ai-ya, my temples forgotten!
Yet am I patient. —
Darken, Hilóha! Fade, Noohái!
Still, still beyond you
Glitter the glorious tribes of dreams
eternal!

[While he has spoken, the fading apparitions of the Elements on the towers have vanished. And now, gradually — far up in the background above the cyclopiian wall of the temple-façade and ranged glittering on its ramparts — appear the Spirits of the Stars, grouped in their constellations: Orion, the Pleiades, the Scorpion, etc. Highest over all — a vast, silhouetted bulk on the sky, twinkling with the seven lights of the “Dipper” — looms Wásapédan, the Great Bear.

While they are yet dawning, the Stars in chorus break into song — like the far carolling of choir-boys.]

CHORUS OF THE STARS

Wásapédan! Wásapédan!

Wake from your lair!

Watch through the dark your wild and desert places:

Wonder is there.

CAHÓKIA

Lo, now, they rise in dreams and overwhelm you,
Hilóha, Noohái!

Hark, now, I hear them chanting, and Wásapédan,
Eternal watcher of the lidless eyes,
Wakes from his lair of stars.

CHORUS OF THE STARS

*Wásapédan, the world is dim,
The way to beauty is far — is far,
And man, whose soul is a climbing star,
Man our brother — O comfort him!*

*We, his watchers, we wheel in choir
Of freedom calm and harmonious,
But man, who reaches and cries to us —
His guide is tempest, his paths are mire.
Slowly he builds his golden hives,
But the wild bees swarm to the winds again;
His towers they crumble, his toil is vain;
The sowers vanish, the seed survives.*

*Wásapédan, his ways are dim,
But ours are shining, ethereal:
And we, who hear him, his darkling call —
Our star-born brother! — will comfort him.*

CAHÓKIA

O Voices of this solemn night, my soul!
O singing clans of darkness, grouped in glory!
You olden bards
Immortal as the childhood of the earth,
You, you, my elder brothers, ever young!
Sing me your tidings!

And you, O Wásapédan, ancient Bear,
Who by the Milky Way
Watch with your sevenfold eye the shimmering
world —
Tell me what you behold beneath your gaze,
O Wásapédan!

WÁSAPÉDAN

[His voice is a deep male voice, echoed by choir-boy voices in antiphony.]

Hope I behold, Cahókia.

CAHÓKIA

What is the hope you behold there?

WÁSAPÉDAN

Life and new labor.

CAHÓKIA

Who brings me
Life out of death?

WÁSAPÉDAN

Mississippi.

CAHÓKIA

How shall his spirit restore me
Seed for new harvest?

WÁSAPÉDAN

He wanders
To ends of the earth.

CAHÓKIA

But what token
Has he attained there?

WÁSAPÉDAN

A child.

CAHÓKIA

Ha!
Child of my loins — of my red race
Shall he restore me, to build now
Mounds for my temples once more?

WÁSAPÉDAN

Nay!
Child of a new race he brings you —
Pale as a star-child, and starry
Glitters the sword in his hand.

CAHÓKIA

Now

Speak, Wásapédan! What means his
Sword and its mission?

WÁSAPÉDAN

He brings it

To fight for the rights of the star-born —
Freedom and brotherhood.

CAHÓKIA

So, then,

He shall inherit my battles
Bolder to wage them, and nobler
Temples to build on my mound-tops.
O Wásapédan, my heart beats
Higher to welcome him. When, ah,
When shall I greet him?

WÁSAPÉDAN

Behold him!

Lo, where the Father of Waters
Brings now the white child!

[From the sky region of the Bear, a shooting-star
flies trailing across the dark and falls beyond the bend
of the waters on the south. Following it with his gaze,
Cahókia gives a long, joyous cry.]

CAHÓKIA

El-á-ho!

[Round the far bend of the waters appears the prow
of an immense canoe, fantastic with totem carvings and
ancient Mayan symbols. In the painted prow stands
Mississippi — a masked figure of great stature, murky
yellow, with huge flowing beard of yellow, and body
adorned with river-reeds.

The canoe is manned by his River Spirits, of whom
the central group bear upraised on their heads and
bended arms a litter of rushes.

On this stands a little child — a strong-limbed boy —
with golden hair. Beside him, perpendicular, shines a
colossal sword.

Mysterious, the barge comes gliding. With rhythmic
splash of paddles, the River Spirits raise now singly,
now in chorus, their chanting song. Before them and
circling them round, dark-stained swimmers plunge
and gleam in the phosphorescent waters.

Wásapédan slowly fades from the sky.]

THE RIVER SPIRITS

[Chanting as they come.]

Áwwa, áwwa, támunóonoo!
Water-boy, water-boy,
Where shall we bear thee?
Séepoo, séepoo, ápilóssah!
River-child, river-child,
Where wilt thou rest?

Son of the sunrise,
Born of the sea-wave,
Here shall thy home be:
Far in the sunset,
Where the lone sagamore
Waits in the west.

Here his pale cornlands
Parch for thy coming:
Thou shalt restore them.
Here his dim forests
Marshes and prayer-mounds
Greet thee their guest.

Here shall the earth spirits,
Iron-dumb ages,
Sing as they serve thee;
Here, the wild eagle
Tamed by thy sky-sword
Build thee his nest.

Áwwa, áwwa, wéeweethústin!
Water-star, water-star,
Bright is thy wonder!
Kéetsoo, kéetsoo, móiakéeta!
Conqueror, conqueror,
Here be thy quest!

[Disembarking at the central steps of stone, Mississippi moves toward the mound. Behind him flows, from his shoulders, an enormous undulating sachem's cloak, shimmering with pearly shells, and upheld by two score of his murky-limbed followers. Before him, high on the rush-litter, is borne the child. Still at a distance, Mississippi hails the giant figure on the mound.]

MISSISSIPPI

Éleo, Cahókia!

CAHÓKIA

[Answering.]

Yo, Mississippi!

MISSISSIPPI

[Approaching, pauses with his followers.]

I who of old
Bore to your people
Magical life
Out of my mystery,
I and my swimming
Sons now have borne you —
Out of the mist —
Hither this star-child.

CAHÓKIA

Dear is the star-child —
Darling as April
To my dark winter.

MISSISSIPPI

[Pointing toward the litter before him.]

Here for his hand
I bring this sword-blade:
Forged in star-fire
It fell in thunder
Flaming to his feet.
To-day too mighty
For him to heave it,
Yet on the morrow
It shall avail him.
So spoke the star-voice.

CAHÓKIA

Yea, Wásapédan's
Tongue has foretold
How he shall wield it
For freedom and brotherhood.

[Lifted from the litter, the child and sword are borne upward on shoulders of the River Spirits to the mound's top, and placed before Cahókia — the sword planted upright in the earth.]

MISSISSIPPI

Here on your ancient
Mound — here I leave them:
Cherish the child;
Guard well his token.

[Turning, Mississippi departs with the Spirits, and re-embarks. Standing once more in his prow, he calls back toward the mound.]

Éleo, Cahókia!

CAHÓKIA

[Answering.]

Yo, Mississippi!

[Moving toward the north, the paddled canoe and the swimmers disappear at the bend of waters, chanting again their song:

Áwwa, áwwa, wéeweethústin!
Water-star, water-star,
Bright is thy wonder!

As the chant dies away, Cahókia gazes at the child, who stands beneath the hilt of the shining sword. While Cahókia speaks, the child approaches him and nestles against his vast knees.]

CAHÓKIA

Rejoice, O heart of pain! Be glad!
My dream is a strong child. — Rejoice,
Dear starry voices of my soul!
My dream is a fair child, and shall go forth
Amid the strength of men, to vanquish there
The dreamless multitudes, and smite
The blind with vision. — Sing, O heart of peace!
For all that through unnumbered ages slept
Dark and unused, has waked in him, to build
New mounds of wonder. — Old! Old! I am old!
But he is young;
Ah, he is stripling, bold and wildly fair:
My dream is a strong child, and shall restore me!

[At his exultant cry, Hilóha and Noohái — on their towers — flicker palely to life again; quick thunder rolls menacingly; the Wild Nature Forces crowd forward out of the dusk, resuming their chorus.]

THE WILD NATURE FORCES

*Yásca soomóohan,
Noohái!*

CAHÓKIA

[Reaching for the child in dread.]

Hearken! the tribes of darkness cry once more.
They rise to claim him, too! — Ai-ya, my dream!
Old, I am old, and cannot war to save thee!

[With loud yellings, the Wild Nature Forces leap up from their places of shadow, and from behind them, through the deep entrances at back, hundreds more of their fierce shapes — forms masked with heads of wolves, bison, bears, and horned antelopes, garbed like aborigines in hides of beasts — rush forward tumultuous, in live, rhythmic waves, and surround the mound. There, mingled with feathered Indians, they dance wildly to the war-beat of tom-toms, and the chant of their ululating cries.]

THE WILD NATURE FORCES

*Póoloo-poolóo-nool
Hilóha!
Wáhsoo shaháygan
Tée-hooklerráh-tee
Noosái!*

[Circling nearer in their dance, the wild forms swarm upward and close in around Cahókia and the child.]

CAHÓKIA

Ai-ya, my star-child!
Wield thy great sword now
And save thee.

[Stepping forward beside the enormous upright sword, the child clutches it with both hands, and struggles to raise it.

Slowly he does so, staggering beneath its bulk.

Pausing in their dance, the beast faces stare at him, startled, glowering, murmurous.

Returning their gaze boldly, the child stands watching with arms upraised. Holding above him the glittering sword, the huge blade wavers there and sways in his small grasp.

So, for a silent instant, he faces the wild hordes.
Suddenly, then, from the south bend of the waters
below, resounds the deep boom of a gun.

The wild forms turn their heads, harking.

It booms again.

Tossing their horns, with sharp clamor, the wild
shapes swarm down the mound sides, and pause there.

A third time it booms. They rush into the darkness
and vanish.

Above, on the mound, the great sword falls from the
hands of the child.]

CAHÓKIA

[Reaching his arms.]

Wonder and awe they have saved thee!

Come to me, star-child!

[The child laughs aloud and runs to him, climbing to
his knee. There he stands upright, alert, watching the
far bend of the waters.

Behind them in the heavens, the Great Bear glows
again and calls.]

WÁSAPÉDAN

Cahókia!

[Hearing the starry choir-voice, the child starts and
looks upward.

Cahókia points with his hand.

The child turns and gazes.]

CAHÓKIA

Lo, Wásapédan! — He watches

Once more the waters.

[Calling.]

Who comes now,

O Wásapédan?

WÁSAPÉDAN

Discoverers.

CAHÓKIA

Whence have they wandered? Who are
they?

WÁSAPÉDAN

Out of the loins of Rome,
Sired by olden Apollo,
Sprang they:

Flaunting their lilies and lions,
Speaking with mouths of fire,
Bearing the cross of the Crucified,
They wander the world!

CAHÓKIA

Dark are your words to me.

WÁSAPÉDAN

Bright are their banners!
Behold them!

[Fading swiftly, Wásapédan disappears.
Below on the water a flush, as of dawn, spreads rapidly.

Out of the dawning rises the chant of male choirs, singing the "Veni Creator." The sound draws nearer. Round the river bend now enters a pageant of ships.

First and unobtrusive in dusk light, while Wásapédan is still speaking, has come a group of simple canoes of bark, in which are monks and priests in brown and black, bearing wooden crosses. These are followed by a burst of ruddy light, through which emerge the prows and decks of mediæval galleons.

Bristling with spears and rich standards, mounted with cannon, flaunting the flags and insignia of France and Spain, the ships come sailing toward the steps of landing. Their rowlocks are manned with mediæval sailors, their decks crowded with men and women of the Latin nations, brilliantly clothed.

In the central ship of all, rounding from the middle above the highest deck, rises a glowing sphere. On this is a group of three male figures, masked.

Highest sits one in black, cowléd and robed. His face looks upward, he holds a cross of gold. Lower on either side two others sit, gazing far off. One is garbed as a Knight in semi-armor; his aspect is Spanish; he holds a cup in his hand; beside him is a standard with lions. The other is garbed as a Trapper, a woodsman with head plumed; his aspect is French; in one hand he holds a trap; beside him is a banner with lilies.

In the wake of the decked ships follows a group of barges, splendid with banners of the church, shining with silver crosses, scarlet and gold with ecclesiastics and choirs. From these choir-barges rises the solemn song of "Veni Creator Spiritus."

On shore, following the course of the river, a medi-

æval land procession meets the onward-moving water pageant at the central landing.

Disembarking there in many hued lights as of sunrise, the mediæval groups and processions of Church and Nations mount the now brightening spaces of the wide plaza, and, spreading, range themselves rank upon rank, coloring the fore and middle ground with stately groupings, which leave a broad central aisle leading to the steps of the mound.

Up this aisle-space from the shore moves a dreamy float, previously disembarked from the deck of the central ship.

The float consists of the glowing sphere, darkened by the masked figures of the Discoverers. Drawn by Elves and Will-o'-the-wisps, and followed by groups of Dryads and Fauns, it moves to the foot of the mound and pauses there.

Cahókia addresses the figures. The child climbs down between his feet and stands listening.]

CAHÓKIA

What hereos are you, who have come
Over the waters,
With chanting strange to my ears?
You of the lions, what are you?
Why have you come?

[As Cahókia speaks, the glowing sphere turns dark, and one of the seated figures — the Knight with the standard of lions — flames with sudden radiance, and a trumpet sounds as he answers:]

THE ONE WITH THE LIONS

Imaginers of the old world
We come to discover:
New fountains of life are our quest.
This cup in my hand I have borne
To fill from your deserts, but there
The will-o'-the-wisps and the elves
They lured me to drought.
Yet here to your ancient mound
They have drawn me now, to do homage
Here to the white child.

[As he concludes, a group of the Elves carrying long cat-tails dart up the steps of the mound to the level

space. There, as the child, curious, steps forward, they encircle him, dancing, waving their spear-topped rushes.

Below, on the plaza level, before the float, the other Elves and Will-o'-the-wisps dance in mysterious rings, flickering their swamp-lights. Dancing thus for a moment, they suddenly cease at the sound of a horn. Those on the mound fling high their cat-tail spears and scurry downward back to the lower level, behind the float and the mound. There the figure of the Knight has grown dark.

The child, seizing one of the rush spears and flinging it high, laughs up at Cahókia, who speaks again. As he speaks, the second Figure on the sphere — the Trapper — glows with flame light.]

CAHÓKIA

And you of the lilies, whose call
Is a winding horn, what brings
You from the sunrise?

[Again the mellow horn sounds and the Figure answers.]

THE ONE WITH THE LILIES.

The lure of the sunset — the gold
Of hazard, the joy of adventure:
I came to discover
Furs in your forest, but there
Dryads and fauns of my dreams
They followed to snare me bewildered
And trapped me, the trapper.
Yea, here to your ancient mound
They follow me now, to do homage
Here to the white child.

[As he stops speaking, a group of little Fauns — garbed as squirrels and lynxes — spring up the steps of the mound and gambol before the child, flaunting their purple fleur-de-lis in their dance.

Below, meanwhile, on the plaza-space, wild troops of Dryads — with chaplets and zones of blue lilies — dance before the sphere.

The stroke of a big bell brings the dance to pause.

On the mound the Fauns shower the child with fleur-de-lis and then scatter downward, all retiring as before behind the mound.

On the darkened sphere now the Figures again are dark. Cahókia speaks and while he does so, the central cowed Figure in black — the One with the Cross — glows upward as with purple fire.]

CAHÓKIA

But you, in the gown of night,
Whose call is a golden bell,
What fiery sign do you bring
Yonder? — Why come you?

[Again the deep bell sounds, as the Figure answers:]

THE ONE WITH THE CROSS

I come to discover — and heal.
I bring the Cross
To feed new tribes with its fire;
For the fire I bring burns not
But heals the burning;
And the rod I bring is a Shepherd's,
And the lilies He sends are white,
And His lilies I bring now, to christen
Yonder the white child.

[As he concludes, choir-boys in vestments of white, led by priests in black, mount the steps of the mound, bearing white lilies and chanting low the "Veni Creator."

Surrounding the child with their lilies, they raise the fallen sword and plant it again upright in the earth.

Beside it the child kneels down.

Once more the solemn bell sounds as the One with the Cross speaks in a deep voice:]

Now in the name of the Christ,
Brother and lover of man,
Rise and receive thy name:
Rise — Saint Louis!

[The child rises and touches the sword with his hand. As he does so, a burst of bells peals forth, resounding their chimes far across the water; the throngs of the Latin Nations raise their standards, the priests their banners, and thousands of voices shout with a vast shout:

SAINT LOUIS!

Simultaneously above the shrine, the semi-circular symbol of the ancient ritual crumbles and disappears, and supplanting it — out of the air — appears a colossal cross burning with white fire.

With the echoing cry of “*Saint Louis*,”* all the participants in the scene, raising a hymn in chorus, begin now a stately moving pageant, marching by groups and blending toward the huge exits in the background. There, as they disappear, the hymn dies in the distance.]

THE HYMN

[Chanted by all in chorus.]

*Veni, creator Spiritus,
mentes tuorum visita,
imple superna gratia
quæ tu creasti pectora:
qui Paraclitus diceris,
donum Dei altissimi,
fons vivus, ignis, caritas,
et spiritalis unctio.*

*tu septiformis munere,
dextræ Dei tu digitus,
tu rite promisso Patris
sermone ditas guttura.*

*accende lumen sensibus,
infunde amorem coribus,
infirmi nostri corporis
virtute firmans perpeti.*

*hostem repellas longius,
pacemque dones protinus;
ductore sic te prævio
vitemus omne noxium.*

*per te sciamus da Patrem,
noscamus atque Filium,
te utriusque Spiritum
credamus omni tempore.*

*sit laus Patri cum Filio,
sancto simul Paraclito,
nobisque mittat Filius
charisma sancti Spiritus.*

Amen.

*For purposes of this Masque, the name *Saint Louis* is pronounced without sounding the final “s” (i. e. *Saint Loo-ey*), not simply because this pronunciation — still retained by the city’s older families — is nearer to the French original, but because it has a clearer and more sonorous quality for being spoken, shouted or chanted, out of doors on the immense stage at Forest Park.

[The full radiance which illumined the foreground has grown dim with the departing pageant, and now, to the far echoes, only Cahókia and the Child [still backed by the group of choir-boys] remain on the twilit mound.

Before them, the cross-hilt of the upright sword stands gleaming; behind and above, the vaster Cross glows solemnly. Beyond it, from the sky, Wásapédan dawns again.

Cahókia reaches his arms toward the Child, and speaks in deep tones.]

CAHÓKIA

Child of my ancient dream
Born from deep waters,
Hearken the olden voice
That spoke to *me* as a child,
O little Saint Louis.

SAINT LOUIS

[Gazing upward.]

I hearken, Cahókia!

CAHÓKIA

[Calling aloud.]

Wásapédan! Wásapédan! Reveal —
Reveal now his mission!

WÁSAPÉDAN

Hearken the law of the stars: —
Out of the formless void
Beauty and order are born.
One for the all, all in one,
We wheel in the joy of our dance.
Brother with brother
Sharing our light,
Build we new worlds
With ancient fire.
Only together
Lovers are free:
Love is our labor,
So labor is joy.

[Wásapédan fades and vanishes.]

CAHÓKIA

Child, dost thou hearken?

SAINT LOUIS

I hark!

I hark — and will remember!

CAHÓKIA

Feel, then, that voice as a flame
To kindle the blade of thy sword.
Fight with the formless void
For beauty and order to triumph.
Bear now Saint Louis his sword
Before him into my temple —
Mine now no more!
Gods and their sybils depart:
God is eternal.

[Uplifting the great sword, the choir-boys bear it horizontally before Saint Louis up the steps into the temple shrine. In the doorway the Child turns and stretches forth his arms to Cahókia, who calls:]

Farewell, Saint Louis! — Remember!

SAINT LOUIS

I will remember, Cahókia!

[Bending his arm to his face, he goes into the temple.

For an instant, on the tops of the towers, the vague forms of the Elements flicker ruddily.

Low thunder murmurs.

Cahókia upraises both arms. Before him a mist begins to rise. He calls in the pausing thunder:]

CAHÓKIA

Ai-ya, Hilóha, Noohái!
You, too, I leave now.
No more shall Cahókia dwell
Upon the earth.
His memory shall be as flintshard.
His name — a mound.

For now will I sleep with my people. —
O glad I lie down with my people
To slumber there;
For I am old, old — forgotten;
But not my Dream:
My Dream is a strong child, and shall survive me!

[The upereeping mists cover now in clouds all but his lifted face.]

Dawn — dawn, you holy stars!
Hail, Wásapédan!

[Swathed now in the risen mists, his giant form is wholly hidden.

A gust of wind blows the mists, dispersing them.

Nothing is there.

Above the temple, the faint cross pales and vanishes.

All now is silence — and the dark.]

INTERLUDE.

Out of the dark — mellow, shrilly-sweet, far — sounds now the chorus of Stars.

These, as they dawn in the background, cluster the sky-plane with their constellations.

Meanwhile, as their voices hold the listening ear, a dreamy pageant, far up, lures the eye of the beholder.

From behind the shadowy height of the temple wings, a moving frieze of figures appears, ascending through solemn lights, and passes along the top from either wing to the centre of the main façade — a frieze symbolic of the passing years, the falling, faltering, onward-groping souls of human generations as they vaguely aspire from the dusk.

Among the contrasted groupings of Day and Night, Faith and Doubt, Maid and Mother and labor-bowed Man, moves the Life Spirit — a flame-colored Figure with wings, beckoning them onward, and followed ardently by groups of children and strong youths.

CHORUS OF THE STARS

*What of the years — the years —
As they yearn on earth?
Day and dark are their gliding tears,
And the heart of man is their urn,
And maiden brings flame and mother gives birth
As they yearn.*

*What of the souls — the souls
As they climb toward God?
Doubt and faith are their darkling goals,
And they soar, or sink in the slime,
And demon clambers where angel trod,
As they climb.*

*Lonely they wander, apart
From the joy they cherish:
Lonely of heart
They perish,*

*Only to rise again
At the fall of an angel's feather,
Out of their separate pain
Climbing together.*

*Lord of the years — the years
As they yearn from earth,
Life goes forth with his pioneers,
And the planets shake as he sings,
And out of the slime he laughs in the mirth
Of his wings.*

[Attaining the centre of the façade of the wall, the flame-colored Figure looses there a live bird. Instantly around it, from the air, hundreds of other living wings burst into light, — white doves that hover upward swaying, and beat against the dark in circling splendor. So, like a mirage, the pageant vanishes.]





THE MASQUE

PART II

Below now — in the foreground plane — the mound and temple again become visible.

Within the temple shrine slowly a ruddy glow appears and increases.

From the background, low rumbling begins, as of drums; from far off come male voices singing in chorus — a trampling music, which deepens and increases.

THE CHORUS

*Where shall we camp — camp — camp
When the blinding day is over?
On the coyote's track,
Where the ford runs black,
And the wood-cat cries
When the wolf creeps back,
And our stallions stamp — stamp,
With the hungering wind for stover.*

[The marching of many people now is heard through the great entrances in the background, and there the Pioneers begin to pour through in thronging groups.

Around them the chorus of unseen singers grows loud and resounding.]

CHORUS OF PIONEERS

*What were we told — told — told
By our smouldering fires in story?
How the rivers run
To the sunken sun
Over blood-bright sand,
And every one
Is bloody with gold — gold,
And their torrents are red with its glory.*

[Garbed like miners and rangers, carrying axes, picks, scythes, rifles, etc., the Pioneers move forward, marching in widespread numbers, to the right and front of the mound.]

In their midst rides a tall Figure (the Pioneer), garbed like the others, but masked in a sculptured face of rugged feature. Mounting the lesser mound on the right, he pauses there, grouped about by his foot followers.

Meanwhile the chorus becomes, for the filling plaza spaces, a reverberating background of song.]

CHORUS OF PIONEERS

*Whom shall we call — call — call
In our hunger of life to feed us?
On the heart that's young
With a song unsung,
And the hand that reaps
Where the grain is flung,
And the forests fall — fall:
In the lust of our youth he shall lead us!*

[Seated upon his horse upon the lesser mound, the Pioneer lifts one arm and fires in the air a pistol shot, calling aloud:]

THE PIONEER

Saint Louis!

ALL THE OTHERS

[Raising their axes and weapons, with a great shout.]

Saint Louis! Saint Louis!

[From within the mound-shrine the glow has increased to a brilliant radiance, through which now comes forth the shining figure of a Youth, clothed in the silvery chain-armor of a crusader, with mantle of white. In his fillet burns a white star.]

Pausing at the top of the temple steps, he holds before him the glowing sword.]

THE YOUTH

Who calls Saint Louis?

THE PIONEER

Your comrades of life;
We, — pioneers.

THE OTHERS
Pioneers!

SAINT LOUIS
Hail! — Glad hail,
Comrades — my comrades! What tidings?

THE PIONEER We bear
Tidings of labor and battle: Our trails
Blaze with desire and danger and hope
Born of to-day. For to-morrow is dim,
Yesterday — dead. But to-day, here are fields
Waiting to sow; here are forests to fell,
Floods to span, mines to shaft, blood to spill, wives
to win,
Cities to stablish. Now lead us, to-day!
Lead us, Saint Louis!

THE OTHERS
Lead us, Saint Louis!

SAINT LOUIS
My comrades, your call
Quickens my heart! for you call in my name
More than myself. Now within me you call
America — youth — our dear country, and these —
These make answer: Yes! — Yes, I will lead you
to-day!

THE PIONEER
Show us your sign.

THE OTHERS
Show your sign!

SAINT LOUIS See — this sword!
Here on this mound I received it — a child,
Handed me down from the night and the stars.
Lo, on my brow that remembrance still burns!
Now for our day this shall be as an axe,
Yea, as a scythe, as a spade, and a lance,
Sharpened to serve and to lead you in fight.

THE PIONEER

Hail to the sword!

THE OTHERS

Hail the sword!

SAINT LOUIS

O my friends,

Comrades in hope and desire! Our dreams —
All the young lusts of our hearts — shall be ours,
Won by this sword, and the strength of your hands!
Not — not alone will I wield it: but you —
All of you — with me! What now can withstand —
Who shall defy us?

[To the glad ringing of his voice, suddenly a huge rumbling answers; an earthquake shock totters the temple shrine; Saint Louis staggers, the sword is flung from his hands, the thronging Pioneers sway, grasp the air startled, or fall to the ground, as the earth at the foot of the mound opens with ruddy light, and a tall athlete form, all golden, emerges like a spirit, and stands below Saint Louis, uplifting his menacing sceptre.]

THE SPIRIT

I — I and my serfs,

We, the Earth Spirits, defy you!

THE PIONEERS AND ADVENTURERS

[Staring and pointing.]

Gold! Gold!

SAINT LOUIS

[Starting up and grasping his sword.]

Spirit, what are you? Speak!

THE SPIRIT

Gold! — I am Gold:

I am the element, earthborn to be
Master and maker of men. To my wand
All the earth elements rise from their mire
Minions of me — *me*, their spokesman and lord.
Lo, now, behold where they rise!

[Lifting his wand, he calls]:

Ho! — Ee-yo!

Copper and Silver! — Yo, Iron and Glass!
Lead and Aluminum! — Ho, from your loins
Brass and bright Steel, and more of your mating!
Yo, now — all molten — arise, and among you
Forest, and Fur of the forest — upstand!
Rise to my power and grapple with man!

[To his call and lifted sceptre, the ground, opening
now in various places, belches forth green, blue, yellow,
and silver fire, through which pour upward the Earth
Spirits. Large athlete forms, laden with gleaming
chains, they group themselves about the central masked
figures of the several Elements.

Among them, through shadowy twilight, rise Forest
and Fur and their sylvan followers.

While their shapes are thus appearing, the chorus of
their subterranean voices rises with them.]

CHORUS OF THE EARTH SPIRITS

Out of the womb of earth

Old, old

We come to birth:

Chained to the sward

We serve thee, our lord

Gold!

Czars of all weaker,

The soul of our seeker

We slay:

Slaves of the vaster

Soul who can master —

Him we obey.

Who is more lordly than Gold? —

Let him be bold!

Only our lord we obey.

GOLD

Welcome, my earth-people!

THE EARTH SPIRITS

Ee-yo! Ee-yo!

THE PIONEER

Look where they stand and defy us! Saint Louis,
Lead us, Saint Louis!

THE PIONEERS

Lead us, Saint Louis!

GOLD

[Tauntingly.]

Saint Louis! — A bout!

So I make challenge!

[He hurls his wand of gold at Saint Louis' feet.
Saint Louis seizes it up, and lifts it high.]

SAINT LOUIS

So, Gold, I accept!

Beautiful, strong are your Earth Spirits — yours
Henceforth no more, but mine, mine! From your
power

Now I will free them: Their chains shall be loosed;
Girders and intricate wheels shall they forge
Henceforth to serve me and Him whom I serve.

Wings for their glorious bodies, yea wings
Shall raise them to strive for my race of the stars.
Stand forth, my comrades — you, Pioneers!
One I will choose now to wrestle with Gold.
Choose you the others, to grapple with yonder
Earth Spirits.

[From the Pioneers a band of athlete wrestlers, fling-
ing off their cloaks, step forward with a shout.]

THE WRESTLERS

Hail! — Hail, Saint Louis!

[At a sign from Gold a band of Earth Spirits stride
forward from the other side, calling aloud:]

THE EARTH SPIRITS

Hail, Gold!

SAINT LOUIS

[Pointing his word toward the tallest of the wrest-
lers.]

Him now I choose, to meet Gold.

[From the sword's blade a flying globe of fire falls
at the feet of the wrestler.]

Come before me!

GOLD

Now meet with your match, Pioneer!—To the mound!

[Springing forward, the Wrestler mounts the mound steps, together with Gold, and stands on the level space below Saint Louis.]

SAINT LOUIS

Now in my name, Pioneer, wrestle well!—
Ready!

THE WRESTLERS AND EARTH SPIRITS

[Below.]

Ho, ready!

[Above on the mound, the chosen Wrestler and Gold, stripped to grapple, confront each other.

Below, on the cleared central space of the plaza, the athlete Pioneers and Earth Spirits—a band of some hundred or more, opposed in couples—stand with arms reached, awaiting the signal. The bodies of the Earth Spirits are still bound by their metal chains.

On the highest step before the temple's entrance, Saint Louis raises his sword perpendicularly and cries aloud:]

SAINT LOUIS

Now!

[Swiftly bringing down the sword he strikes it clanging on the stone.

Above and below, on the two levels, the wrestlers grapple—the lower level lying in half shadow.

Clutching, swaying, sliding in lights and glooms, the wonderful bodies strain for victory.

Massed on either side, the crowded Pioneers and Earth Spirits watch and murmur.

Suddenly Saint Louis lets fall his sword, and grasps toward his fillet.

Gold has downed the Pioneer, and a vast exulting shout rises from the watching Earth Spirits.]

THE EARTH SPIRITS

Gold! Gold!

SAINT LOUIS

[Calls above them.]

Stay!

One down!

[Below, on the plaza level, the Wrestlers pause momentarily. Saint Louis strides down the steps toward Gold and the Pioneer Wrestler, reaching his hand toward the latter.]

Take the star!

GOLD
Ho, I win!

SAINT LOUIS

Two in three!

[To the Wrestler.]

Rise, Pioneer, and wear now this star!

[Plucking the star from his fillet, Saint Louis hands it, glowing, to the Wrestler, who places it on his own forehead, where it shines.]

None can down Gold who fights for himself.

Fight for our star! Wrestle well!

[Ascending again, Saint Louis lifts his sword perpendicularly for the sign.]

Ready! — Now!

[Again the sword clangs.

Again the wrestling proceeds on both levels.

Now Saint Louis raises his sword horizontally, and a great joyous cry breaks from the watching Pioneers.

The Wrestler has downed Gold.]

THE PIONEERS

Louis! Saint Louis! The Star!

SAINT LOUIS

Still once more!

Hold! — The third bout: — Ready! — Now!

[Again the sword clangs.

The wrestlers clutch.

On the shadowy lower level, the silent grappling grows more keen, and many are downed on both sides. But the eyes of the watchers are riveted on the illuminated mound.

There now Saint Louis' sword swings outward again horizontally.

Gold is downed again, and the watching Pioneers shout more wildly.]

THE PIONEERS

Louis! Saint Louis! The Star!

[The clamor grows tumultuous and, swelling above the shouts, the song of the deep chorus reverberates once more.]

[CHORUS]

*Whom shall we call — call — call
In our hunger of life to feed us?
On the heart that's young
With a song unsung,
And the hand that reaps
Where the grain is flung,
And the forests fall — fall:
In the lust of our youth he shall lead us!*

[SHOUTS]

Louis! Saint Louis! The Star!

[In the foreground, the Wrestling Pioneers have led to the foot of the mound the conquered Earth Spirits, who kneel there below Saint Louis — each beside his opponent who stands.]

Great green and gray banners of Forest and Fur are held by the other Pioneers, at left and right.

Saint Louis, receiving back the star from the Wrestler, speaks from above to those below.]

SAINT LOUIS

Comrades, the star — our star is victorious!
Rise now, my Earth Spirits! — You, Pioneers,
Strike off their chains now: wings shall be theirs —
Wings! — for to-morrow they fly in my service.

[The Earth Spirits rise, and their chains are struck off by their conquerers.]

Meanwhile Gold, who has lain crouched beneath the winning Wrestler, leaps to his feet with a defiant gesture, and cries to Saint Louis:]

GOLD

Strike off their chains, O Saint Louis! yet I —
I will forge new ones to fetter their wings!
Gold is not downed by one wrestling. Farewell!
Fare worse, for again I will meet and defy you!

[Seizing up his fallen sceptre, Gold springs to the back edge of the mound and stands there for an instant.]

SAINT LOUIS

Welcome the grappling, whenever we meet!
Hail, Gold!

GOLD

[Raising his sceptre, threateningly.]

Long hail — and defiance!

[With a last fierce gesture, Gold plunges like a diver into the darkness behind the mound.]

SAINT LOUIS

[Pointing to the Earth Spirits, speaks to those who stand guard over them.]

Release them!

[To mysterious blowing of unseen trumpets, the Earth Spirits pass, with their loosened chains, behind the great banners and emerge on the other side, clothed in fiery wings of many colors, like the hues of their own metallic bodies.

Saint Louis speaks to all assembled.]

SAINT LOUIS

Now freedom and strong brotherhood prevail
Amongst us, and the soul of these be blown
World-far — America!

[Like an echo, magnified by a multitude of voices far away, a choral answer comes murmuring:
“America!”

Saint Louis starts and listens.

Then a deep Voice — circled as with boy choirs — resounds from the sky, but no visual sign appears there.]

THE VOICE

Saint Louis!

SAINT LOUIS

Hark!

What voice?

THE VOICE

Saint Louis!

SAINT LOUIS

Wásapédan's voice!

He calls, even as of old.

THE VOICE

They come.

SAINT LOUIS

Who come,

O darkling voice?

THE VOICE

The World Adventurers.

[From the right background, there enters now a multitude of men and women, garbed in the native costumes of all nations.

Preëminent among them, on horseback, ride five masked figures, symbolic of Europe, Africa, Asia, Australia and the Ocean Islands. These take their stands in various parts of the plaza, right, surrounded by their followers.

On the lesser mound, Europe towers highest from amongst them.

As the multitude enters and moves forward, marching, voices of the unseen chorus [male and female voices] precede and resound from their midst.]

CHORUS OF THE WORLD ADVENTURERS

A star — a star in the west!

Out of the wave it rose:

And it led us forth on a world-far quest:

*Where the mesas scorched and the moorlands
froze*

It lured us without rest:

With yearning, yearning — ah!

It sang (as it beckoned us)

*A music vast, adventurous —
America!*

[Merging their ranks with the Pioneers, who welcome them in pantomime, the World Adventurers mass themselves about the central and lesser mound [on the right], while the chorus still resounds.]

CHORUS OF THE WORLD ADVENTURERS

A star — a star in the night!

Out of our hearts it dawned!

And it poured within its wonderful light;

*Where our hovels gloomed and our hunger
spawned*

It healed our passionate blight:

And burning, burning — ah!

It clanged (as it kindled us)

*Of a freedom, proud and perilous —
America!*

[Raising his standard from the heights of the lesser mound, the masked Figure of Europe hails Saint Louis.]

EUROPE

American! — In you, young Pioneer,
We greet the conquering star which lures the world.
America, who cradled you as child —
A wastrel Moses 'mid wild river-reeds —
Now calls your prime to lead the tribes of man.
And I, who gat you heroes from my loins,
I, Europe, cry as spokesman of these tribes:
Give welcome to these World Adventurers,
Who come to blend their blood and toil with yours.

[Europe dips his standard toward Saint Louis, who returns the salute with his sword.]

SAINT LOUIS

Welcome! Thrice welcome, World Adventurers!
Hail them, my Pioneers!

THE PIONEERS

[With hearty shout.]

Good hunting, all!

[Pointing upward their rifles and guns, they shoot an echoing volley into the air.]

THE WORLD ADVENTURERS

[Waving their national emblems, shout in reply:]

Huzza, Saint Louis!

SAINT LOUIS

We, who in old times
Hunted each other, hunt together now
The quarries of the world: freedom and joy
And lasting brotherhood. Our trails are cleared;
The Earth Spirits are tamed. What can withstand —
Who shall defy us now?

[At his confident cry, flame and thunder burst from the top of the storm-tower on the left; hurtling toward the mound, a blazing bomb explodes in mid air; and plunging forward from the dark below the tower, a maked Rider, clothed in blood-red mail, gallops his blood-red horse mid way of the plaza, and halts with harsh yell.]

THE RIDER

War — War defies!

[Reining his horse, he brandishes backward his sanguine lance toward the darkness, and shouts:]

Maché!

[Immediately from the obscure background and side entrances [left] there pours in, pell mell, a fierce horde of his demon followers — vivid in scarlet, purple, yellow, black, and sharp contrasting colors, panoplied in the varied accoutrements of war, ancient and oriental.

At their head rides Gold, returning on a horse of gold.

The hordes enter screaming, to the rumbling of drums, and swarm over the plaza spaces on the left, surrounding the War Demon, where he sits high on his gule-bright horse on the lesser mound. Around him, like the hosts of Darius, his followers stretch to the darkness. In the background, long lances, bearing spiked human heads, loom from behind him.]

THE WAR DEMONS

[Yelling, as they sweep forward.]

THE PIONEERS AND ADVENTURERS

[Raising their weapons and standards, start toward them.]

Saint Louis and victory!

SAINT LOUIS

[Putting to his lips a trumpet, blows it, and then calls:]

Pioneers! Americans! My countrymen!

HIS FOLLOWERS

[Pausing, shout in answer:]

Saint Louis!

SAINT LOUIS

Halt! A parley with this host:

Hail, Gold! You are returned!

GOLD

[Who sits, mounted, beside the War Demon:]

I am returned,

And bring new hordes in vengeance.

SAINT LOUIS

A new fall

You ride to! — What are these?

GOLD

My mercenaries:

Still, old as time, they do my will to-day.

SAINT LOUIS

But not to-morrow!

[Pointing:]

Who is he?

GOLD

My tool

And mightiest minion — War.

[To the Demon:]

Declare our challenge!

WAR

[To Saint Louis:]

A million hearts have dyed me in these gules:
The hearth fires of a million homes my horse
Has stamped to ashes. In the name of saints
And saviors I have served my master, Gold.
Once more I serve him. All your proudest dreams,
Saint Louis, I defy, and challenge — so!

[He hurls toward Saint Louis a bomb, which bursts
above the mound in falling fire.]

SAINT LOUIS

And so, War, I accept your challenge!

[He plucks again the star from his fillet, and holds
it upward, glowing.]

A troop of the World Adventurers, clad as knights,
ride forward from the right. Their leader is clothed
like Saint Louis.]

THEIR LEADER

[Raising his lance.]

Choose.

Saint Louis! Choose from us!

SAINT LOUIS

You, then, I choose

To fight with War. The victor holds the field.

Receive our star, and wear it in the tourney.

[From Saint Louis' hand, a Herald bears the star
to the Tourney Rider, who places it shining in his helmet.]

The others draw back.

From either side, mounted on their mailed horses, the white Tourney Rider and the crimson War Demon confront each other.

From above, Saint Louis lifts his perpendicular sword and calls:]

Ho, ready! — Ride!

[The sword clangs on the stone.

With lances set, the antagonists spur toward each other.

From both sides great shouts go up, and continue clamorously as the riders meet in shock, draw back, and plunge again.]

THE WAR DEMONS

Niké! Niké! Kai Thanatos!

THE PIONEERS AND ADVENTURERS

Victory and Life!

[The tournament continues fiercely.

In the conflict their lances are shattered.

World Adventurer and War Demon draw then their swords and strike at each other.

Amid din of the watching hosts, Saint Louis' champion strikes from the War Demon his helmet and unhorses him.

The clamor grows wilder.

Seeing the plight of War, Gold rides to the fallen Demon, who reaches to his stirrup and, mounting with him, is whirled away [left] into the darkness, amidst the stampede and rout of the Demon hordes.

With exulting shouts, the Pioneers and Adventurers are starting to pursue, when — above the mound-shrine — appears an enormous star, burning whitely.

Below it Saint Louis puts once more the trumpet to his lips, blows loud, and calls again.]

SAINT LOUIS

The star!

THE PIONEERS AND ADVENTURERS

[Pausing, dazzled, screen their eyes and cry out:]

The star! The star!

[Above, the apparition vanishes.

Below, the hordes of War disappear.]

SAINT LOUIS

Our star has won!
Remember the star's voice; Not vengeance — peace!
Peace, and the law of brothers! — O my brothers,
Hark where the demon's rout dies moaning. Peace!
The star is holy where forgiveness burns.
Our flag is bright with stars of brotherhood.

[A herald has brought from the shrine a great folded banner of the American colors, wreathed, and holds it beside Saint Louis.

Saint Louis lifts it above the assembled peoples, who bow down with a deep murmur.]

ALL

America! — Our stars!

[The Tourney Rider has mounted the temple steps with his shattered lance, and hands to Saint Louis the star from his helmet.

Saint Louis takes it, and hands to him in return the color standard, which the Rider bears with him aside.]

SAINT LOUIS

The wounds of War
Are healed in that remembrance.

[To the Rider:]

You fought well.

[To the Assemblage:]

Comrades, what lurking foes waylay our path
When loudest swells our boast! Let our crusade
Champion the stars, but first ourselves be clean!
Yonder — ah yonder, even from our own midst,
What shapes of sorrow and unclean despair
Rise in our path once more! Hark now: what dirge?
What stifled cry? — (pointing) — That frail, unhappy one!

Who — who are they that trail her robe forlorn?

[From amidst the crowded groups on the right, faintly a dirge of women's voices has begun to lift in low wailing.]

THE DIRGE

To some, to some — the heart's desire;

To us, to us — heart's moan:

To some, ah, some — the kindling fire;

To us — the cold hearth-stone.

Ah, holy One!

For them — the smile of valor;

For us — the pallor, the pallor:

Oh, for the sun!

The sun!

[The bright-colored crowd now, parting, draw back with startled and pitying gestures, revealing in their midst groups of haggard women and forlorn children, old men bowed over, and young men darkly brooding; among them, a masked female Form in black, a scarlet band about her forehead.

Chanting their dirge, the dun-colored pageant moves haltingly toward the mound.

Last in the pageant walks a tall Figure completely hooded in black featureless mask, and straight-robed in black.

Moving below the mound, the masked Woman's form raises her thin hands toward Saint Louis, as the dirge continues.]

DIRGE OF THE WOMEN IN DUN

A soul — a soul to bear the child!

A soul — to bear the scorn!

And some to clasp the undefiled,

And we the love unborn!

Ah, lonely God!

For some — the lover, the neighbor;

For us — the labor, the labor:

Oh, for the sod!

The sod!

SAINT LOUIS

[Gazing with awe at the hooded Woman below.]

In Christ His name, what are you?

THE WOMAN

Poverty:

These are my children.

[Pointing at the black-hooded Figure.]

Yonder stands their father.

SAINT LOUIS

But they — what are their names?

POVERTY

He christened them:

Shame is my eldest: Vice and Plague I bore
Twins, to his power; next Dumbness and Despair,
And here you see their offspring. Yonder — ah,
There stands my brooding son, Rebellion. These,
And many more, their father brands with names;
But I — I call them all my comrades.

SAINT LOUIS

Tell:

What bodes that scarlet band about your brow?

POVERTY

Ask him who tied it there.

[She points again at the hooded Figure.]

SAINT LOUIS

But what is he?

POVERTY

[Shrinking back.]

I dare not name him. He is never named
When I am near.

SAINT LOUIS

Speak, hooded shape: What are you?

[The Figure in black moves silently toward Saint
Louis, and begins to ascend the steps of the mound.]

Why do you mount toward *me*? — Stay! Are you
dumb?

Your silence cries to God!

[Saint Louis draws back.

The Figure approaches him with slow menace and
touches his arm.]

Your hand is cold.

Why have you left your place?

THE FIGURE

My place is here.

SAINT LOUIS

Your voice — it chills my heart. What power is
yours?

THE FIGURE

[Pointing below.]

My power is placed above the reach of — those.

[He grasps the hilt of Saint Louis' sword.]

SAINT LOUIS

[Wresting it from him.]

Unloose my sword!

[The Figure reaches upward.]

Touch not my star! Dark shape,

I will unmask you.

[Tearing the hood from the face, Saint Louis starts back.

Dropping the robe from his shoulders, the Figure steps forth all gleaming, as Saint Louis cries out:]

Gold!

GOLD

We meet once more.

[Wrenching the sword from Saint Louis, Gold strides up the steps to the shrine, and turns, brandishing it.]

Hail me, my Earth Spirits!

[Cry from below.]

VOICES

Gold! Yo, Gold!

[Appearing from behind the mound, the Earth Spirits rush up the slopes and steps.]

THE PIONEERS AND ADVENTURERS

[Shout.]

Saint Louis!

GOLD

[Exultant.]

Wings! Now their *wings* are mine! Surround my temple!

[Gold goes into the shrine, bearing the sword.

The Earth Spirits rush up after him, and stand guard about the closed door with outspread wings.

There they confront Saint Louis, who pauses midway on the steps, clutching the air dazedly for his reft sword.]

THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN

[From below.]

Save us, Saint Louis!

[Saint Louis stands, groping upward.

From the sky, a shooting-star starts and falls beyond the temple, as the deep sky voice calls:]

THE SKY VOICE

Saint Louis!

SAINT LOUIS

Hark! the omen!

THE SKY VOICE

Saint Louis, call your brothers!

SAINT LOUIS

Wásapédan.

I hear!

THE SKY VOICE

Alone, you fall. Make league together.
Call on the cities! — League, and conquer Gold!

SAINT LOUIS

Cahókia, your vision falls on me:
Here on your mound, I hark now, and remember!

THE WOMEN

[From below.]
Saint Louis, save us!

SAINT LOUIS

Bear with me, my sisters!
Your sorrow is our nation's. I will call
My brother cities here, and purge our temple.

[To his gesture, four mounted Heralds move forward on the space below. Their horses are plumed with long, slim wings like swallows.]

Ride, Heralds! — Make your trumpets the four winds!

Call to the cities and proclaim our League!

[Spurring their horses to the four corners of the plaza, the Heralds sound their trumpets with loud peals.

From far away, martial replies come back like echoes.

Saint Louis speaks again to the dun-colored figures below.]

Rise up, pale women. Watch beside me here,
For they are coming. Rise now, Poverty,
For you shall find your rest here on my mound,
And sleep with your sad children.

[Beckoning the masked Form, Saint Louis himself goes down and leads her up the mound's level, trailed after by others of the dark pageant.

There for a moment Poverty stands beside him, then sinks down, where he bends over her. The others also sink down, and Saint Louis speaks with gentle gesture.]

Now, sweet dreams!
To-morrow these shall wake with other names!

[The light now fades from the mound, from all except the figure of Saint Louis and above him the shrine, with the Earth Spirits on guard.

Rising, Saint Louis makes signal again to the Heralds, who blow their trumpets, a second time.

The trumpets' echo sounds louder.

A third time they blow.

The peal is replied to from all parts, and now by land and water, to a march music of spirited solemnity, the Pageant of the Cities begins majestically to enter.

In seven major groups come the cities of the Union, representing all the states and the islands, and leading them — the Federal Capital. Accompanying them rides a group of foreign cities, representing countries of South America, Canada, England, and Europe.

The seven groups of the Union are marshalled in this wise:

By water, the cities of the Rivers, led by New Orleans; and of the Lakes, led by Chicago.

By land, those of the Eastern seaboard, led by New York; of the Western coast, by San Francisco; of the Mountains, by Denver; of the Islands—by Honolulu.

Attending the cities are their distinctive industries.

Marshalling them all rides the city Washington.

In his train are groups of the nation's Arts, Sciences, and Professions.

As they approach, the Pioneers and Adventurers move on either side to the middle and background.

Converging like a vast V, whose apex is the foot of the mound, the city groups take their stations on the plaza foreground — Washington and his group* at the apex.

There Washington salutes Saint Louis, and speaks.]

WASHINGTON

Saint Louis, to our states and sister lands,

Our coasts, and isles, our mountains, rivers, and lakes

The winds have borne your cry, and we respond.

THE SEVEN GROUPS

[Calling, through their masked spokesmen.]

[I]

I from the eastern sea have come — New York.

[II]

I from the western — San Francisco.

[III]

I

Speak from the lakes — Chicago.

*In this group are the Arts, Play, Dance, the Civic Theatre, etc., and with them children and young people come dancing.

[IV]

I from the rivers —

New Orleans.

[V]

On the mountains — Denver, I.

[VI]

I call from the far islands — Honolulu!

WASHINGTON

[VII]

And I from the Capitol. — We hail you, brother!
What urging cause now calls us to make league?

SAINT LOUIS

Gold has usurped our temple. — In our path
Lo, we have grappled the Elements, Earth, and War
And overcome them. Gold alone has slipped
Our grasp, eluding us in subtle guises.
Here, in his train, behold this pallid troupe
Of Poverty, bowed in dark. — Cities, my brothers,
Gold has usurped our temple and our sword:
How shall we cope with Gold?

WASHINGTON

[Turning to his group.]

Imagination,

Reveal, and answer! For if you are blind,
The nations walk in darkness.

[From the group of Arts and Sciences, Imagination
stands forth — a noble female Form, masked in serene
beauty.]

IMAGINATION

Lords of the earth,

And you, then, stricken so dumb? And are you daz-
zled

When Gold draws near to God? And do your souls
Cry for a saviour?

Close your eyes, O people!

Gaze there in your own darkness:

What do you behold there?

Follow me: I will show you.

[Through the fallen figures on the steps, she mounts
to the mound level, where she stands in the dimness
and looks back on the illumined plaza.]

In all this gorgeous pageant of the world
Has none beheld him? Nay, he sits in twilight
And broods by fallen Poverty. Behold him!—

[She points beside the stricken form of Poverty to
where a slight, slim Figure sits.]

A child: a child!—And wings he bears—and
thorns!

[Reaching her hand.]

Arise, dear Love, and lead me to the temple.

[The child rises from his brooding, and steps into
sudden light. Bare-limbed, he wears a dim blue tabard,
through which at the shoulders spring iris wings. On
his head thorns glitter like a garland.

Taking Imagination's outstretched hand, and pass-
ing Saint Louis [who gazes with awe], he leads her up
the steps to the shrine and pauses.

Saint Louis follows part way up the steps.

At the approach of the child, the Earth Spirits draw
back from the closed door, screening their eyes.

The child draws nearer and — as Imagination stands
beside him — knocks.

The door clangs with a deep booming, and swings
open.

Slowly Gold comes forth, holding the sword.

Confronting the child, he raises the sword above his
head to strike.

The child looks up at him.

Gold pauses, wavering.

The sword falls from his grasp, and he bows down
with a deep cry.]

GOLD

Master!

[The child touches his bowed form.

Gold raises his head, reaches for the sword, and
holds it up.

Imagination takes the sword and speaks.]

IMAGINATION

Now, Gold, rejoin these Earth Spirits. You
Henceforth are one of them — to serve us.

[Gold draws back and joins the group of Earth
Spirits, who bow down with him.]

THE EARTH SPIRITS

Ee-yo!

IMAGINATION

[Gazing below at the stricken forms.]

Now wake, you lonely and despairing ones!

Wake from your dark, and be what you have dreamed!

Saint Louis, guard the sword!—Love holds the temple.

[Standing the sword against the lintel, Imagination and Love go within.

Saint Louis, from midway of the steps, ascends and takes the sword.

Standing before the temple shrine, he turns and looks below.

On the mound level and the lower steps, a dreamy light reveals where Poverty and the other stricken shapes have risen from their dun garb, new clad in forms of light and graciousness.]

SAINT LOUIS

[Addressing them and the multitude.]

O sisters — brothers — cities leagued by Love!

If we are dreaming, let us scorn to wake;

Or waking, let us shape the sordid world

To likeness of our dreams. For 'tis a little,

When we, too, like Cahókia, shall lie down,

And this our city be a silent mound,

Silent, save over all — the chanting stars!

[Beyond him, from the sky, slowly the Great Bear gleams, while the star-choirs sing, remote:]

CHORUS OF THE STARS

Out of the formless void

Beauty and order are born:

One for the all, all in one,

We wheel in the joy of our dance.

St. Louis.

WÁSAPÉDAN

SAINT LOUIS

Hark — the voice!

WÁSAPÉDAN

Behold the wings!

SAINT LOUIS

What wings, O Wásapédan?

WÁSAPÉDAN

Eagle's wings!

SAINT LOUIS

What eagle flies?

WASAPÉDAN

America! Your league

Rides on his wings, and rises toward the stars.

[Wásapédan fades.

Saint Louis, looking toward the southern tower,
points there with his sword, and turns toward the great
assemblage.]

SAINT LOUIS

Cities! My brothers — sing! Our league is born!

ALL THE ASSEMBLAGE

Saint Louis! The League of Cities!

[Suddenly all start, uplifting their arms, and gazing
toward the tower entrance, cry out]:

Wings! the Wings!

[Beyond, from the outside darkness, a great whirring
hums; groups of the people start back and forward,
leaving a wide pathway, along which — emerging
from the dimness — a gigantic Bird sweeps whirring,
darts for an instant through bright radiance, then soars
into the night, circling upward and scattering wild
sparkles of fire in its wake.*

Saint Louis stands, pointing skyward with his sword.

Meantime, from the gazing hosts of the plaza, swaying
with rhythmic motion, a mighty chorus rises.]

CHORUS

*Out of the formless void
Beauty and order are born:
One for the all, all in one,
We wheel in the joy of our dance.*

*Brother with brother
Sharing our light,
Build we new worlds
With ancient fire!*

[From far above temple and plaza, the colossal
Eagle still drops his fiery plumes.]

FINIS.

*In configuration and color an eagle, the bird, of course, is an
aeroplane, serving thus for the first time the symbolism of dramatic
poetry. The sparkles in its wake are vari-colored fireworks,
shot off as it soars.

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